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Liberty
Aug. 25, 1945
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WE CAN GET ALONG WITH RUSSIA

by John Gunther

WHEN WILL THE BOYS BE HOME?

LIBERTY PROFILE: TOMMY RYAN

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SEPTEMBER 1st — OCTOBER 10th

This page is contributed to the Canadian Welfare Council by the publishers of Liberty:

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

EXCELLENT EXAMPLE

MONTREAL, P. Q.—The S. P. C. A. tries to interest the public daily in the care of domestic pets, and they must indeed value the support given them by Liberty from time to time. An excellent example of the

pleasure to be found in the keeping of cats is Liberty's July 21 cover. This is indeed timely because of the neglect of pets in general and cats in particular during the summer while young and old are away on vacation.—*Morris Goodman.*

WANTS TO GET IN THE SHOW AGAIN

CALGARY, ALTA.—I am interested in joining the merchant marine and I would appreciate knowing to whom I may write for information on the subject.

I served in the Canadian Army, in Canada and overseas, and was released on medical grounds. When I attempted to make application for the Canadian merchant marine, they wouldn't accept my application because of my medical discharge from the Army.

I have read that the U. S. merchant marine is in dire need of men, and I feel that I can still serve in this capacity.—*Interested.*

For this information we suggest you apply to the U. S. consul in your own city.—VOX POP EDITOR.

ORCHIDS

WINNIPEG, MAN.—I have been a reader of Liberty for a number of years and want to say that Eve Stanley's department, Liberty Goes to the Movies, is both timely and highly interesting. Ted Shane's crossword puzzles provide me with hours of pleasure. Orchids to your magazine.—*M. Zamuk.*

LIBERTY PROFILES

WINNIPEG, MAN.—For my money I'd buy Liberty every week if it contained nothing but the Liberty Profile. I've yet to find one that hasn't been tops. This reader is especially desirous of profiles on Leonard W. Brockington, Dyson Carter, and Frank Chamberlain. Also, how about profiles on some of your own staff: Trent Frayne and Harold Dingman?—*Clement McIntosh.*

PERTURBED UMPIRE

ST. VRAIN, FRANCE—It's not often that we get your magazine out here, but I did manage to see your April 14 issue.

After reading your short short story, Decline and Fall of the Roman Umpire, by Ernest Lehman, I was most perturbed, as you have committed a harmful slander against the umpiring profession.

To render biased judgment-decisions be-

cause of a personal grievance against a ballplayer, as Umpire Mazotti did, is not ethical. This leads to disdain, distrust, and suspicion in the eyes of the general public who read this distorted tale. And to include the good names of Bill Klein and the late Judge Landis in this scandalous story is simply outlandish. What is more, what Mazotti did would blackball him from organized baseball for the rest of his life. So how does he even stand half a chance to be shunted down to umpire in the Piedmont League?

I am an umpire (nine years—amateur, college, semipro, industrial, Army), and anything that casts a reflection on umpires in particular, and baseball in general, becomes my problem.

That is the reason I am bringing this grievance to your attention. Our lot is difficult enough as it is, without having it besmirched with suspicion on the part of the fans themselves.—*Sgt. I. Beckerman.*

WARREN WONDERS

NEGAUNEE, MICH.—As a mechanic in an iron ore mine, I am wondering what kind of gadget the miner is drilling with on your April 28 cover. I've never seen or heard of such a machine.

It may exist, but it doesn't look right to me.—*John H. Warren.*

Everything's on the up and up. According to the Bituminous Coal Institute, the "gadget" is a power-driven drill, used in more advanced coal mines.—VOX POP EDITOR.

MOVIE QUIZ

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—I saw in one newspaper that Deanna Durbin had married at Las Vegas, Nevada, a film producer, Felix Jackson, a German who had been divorced four times. Is this correct?—*W. Johnston.*

Felix Jackson, although German-born, is an American citizen. It was his fourth marriage, Miss Durbin's second.—VOX POP EDITOR.

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NEXT WEEK—SEPTEMBER 1, 1945

CANADIAN PRESS, which brings you the news through its eighty-nine member papers, is admittedly as efficient as any news service in the world. The man who runs CP, says Trent Frayne in his LIBERTY PROFILE on Gillis Purcell, is a "cold-blooded, fun-loving genius"—and admittedly the toughest executive in the business. . . . The myth that a battleship could not be sunk by air power has been well exploded in this war. In WE WATCHED A BATTLESHIP DIE, Lieutenant Richard K. Montgomery offers the first eye-witness account of how it's done. And this time it's the Jap's 42,000-ton Yamato which rolls belly-up and sinks. . . . Where do the styles come from that the girls wear down Main Street? Anything from Stalin's mustache to Eisenhower's jacket might give a designer an idea, but lots of them fall flat, states Dorothy Roe Lewis in THAT'S HOW FASHIONS ARE BORN. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE FAMILY ON THE HILL, by Ambrose Flack, is a delightful novel of an ex-flier and his wife who find life in upstate New York as exciting as on the Burma Road—particularly when they come to investigate their nearest neighbors, a sixteen-child family which takes life exactly as it finds it.

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Liberty's SHORT REPORT:

BEST BEST SELLER

ALTHOUGH the Holy Bible has for many years been the most widely circulated book in the world, and though it can usually be had wherever books of any kind are sold, it is only within the past year that it has been printed in Canada. The Authorized (King James) Version of the Bible has been protected by Crown copyright ever since it was first completed in 1611, and even now only four publishing houses in the whole British Empire are licensed to print it. These four are the Oxford Press, the Cambridge Press, William Collins Sons and Company, and His Majesty's printers, Eyre & Spottiswoode.

Last year, when the Oxford Press produced a single clothbound edition in Toronto, was the first time that the Authorized Bible had ever been printed anywhere in the Empire outside the British Isles. That first Canadian printing ran to 50,000 copies, but already it is difficult to find one of them for sale; the demand for Bibles, always high, is invariably increased during periods when there is a war going on.

It was the war, in fact, that brought about the printing of the Bible in Canada. In 1940, during the heavy bombing of London, millions of Bibles and Testaments were destroyed in publishers' warehouses. Afraid that their printing plates might similarly be destroyed, the printers immediately took steps to protect them. Within a week after the large stock of Bibles had been lost, Collins had shipped a master set of plates to their Canadian branch office for safekeeping. Included in the shipment was one set of plates for every type used by the company in its Bibles.

One set of those plates is on the press right now and will soon complete its forty-week run. It is expected that Collins Bibles, printed in Canada, will be available before the end of 1945. The Collins edition will be produced in four different bindings and most of the casings or covers must be handmade. All four grades of this edition will be illustrated with color plates.

Since the war began, Bibles have been scarce in Canada. It has always been possible to get a Bible of some kind or another and it still is, but the finer editions have been hard to obtain. Part of the reason is the increased demand, and part of it is the difficulty of manufacturing; even Bible publishers have trouble getting the materials they need. It is expected, however, that when printing in Canada gets well under way, there will be an adequate supply.

Foreign-language Bibles, naturally, have been even harder to get in Canada than English ones, since no supplies have been available from most European countries since war started. Bibles printed in 110 different languages are sold in Canada when they are available. In Ontario alone, Bibles printed in more than fifty different tongues are more or less commonly sold.

Altogether the Bible, or portions of the Bible, have been printed in 1,070 separate languages and dialects. This list includes all the major languages of the earth and most of the minor ones, but it still leaves about 2,000 known dialects to be provided for. Most of the 2,000 are spoken by comparatively few people, but there are some African and Asian groups of considerable size that still do not have a Bible in their own language. Bible societies have managed to add about thirty new languages to the list in the past five years, and the work will undoubtedly go on until there is nobody left on the earth who can read at all who won't be able to read a Bible printed in his native tongue.

Among the foreign-language Bibles that are ordinarily available in Canada are Arabic, two types of Chinese, Gaelic, Irish, Korean, Panjabi, Urdu, and Wend. A complete list would read like a roll call of practically every nationality the average person ever heard of—and more.

Several of the foreign-language Bibles distributed in Canada have been expressly prepared for native population groups of the country. For example, the complete Bible has been translated into the language of the Cree Indians, and parts of it have been done in Ojibwa and other North American Indian tongues. Also there have been three separate dialect translations for Eskimos living in the Canadian North. Those living in Baffin Land speak one dialect, those in Labrador another, and those near the Mackenzie River still another. Each group has the Bible in its own special tongue.

Besides being printed in so many restricted languages, the Bible is also printed in Esperanto, the universal language. Several Esperanto editions are available and at one time there was a considerable demand for them. Now, however, public interest in the universal language seems to have waned and it is not often that a bookseller or a Bible Society agent gets a request for the Scriptures in Esperanto.

About half of the quarter million Bibles distributed in Canada each year go to people living in Ontario, which probably makes that province the Canadian contender for the title of "the Bible Belt." The original Bible Belt is an area in the southern United States where consistently, year after year, more Bibles per capita are sold than anywhere else on earth.

A large number of the Bibles sold since war started have gone to men and women in the armed forces. Some publishers in various parts of the world have even put out "bulletproof" editions for that special group of customers, but sales figures seem to show that the average soldier who wants a Bible wants it for the spiritual help it can offer, not for stopping bullets.

Since war began, the Bible Society has distributed about 750,000 copies of the New Testament to men and women in the Canadian services, one for almost every person in the Navy, Army, and Air Force. Many more have been sent overseas in prisoner-of-war parcels, placed in service libraries, and included with life-saving equipment in both ships and aircraft.—*L. G.*

Is there some aspect of Canadian life that you think would make a suitable topic for Liberty's Short Report page? We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. Send your ideas to Short Report Editor, Liberty, 85 Richmond Street, West, Toronto (1).

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Russians and Yanks celebrate their meeting in Germany. If the same spirit prevails at the council tables, the world has nothing to fear.

Will Peace Be with Us?

BY JOHN GUNTHER

THE FIRST OF TWO PARTS

There has been much muddled discussion of Russian friendship. Herewith, the prospects of peace and teamwork are analyzed by an international journalist famed for keen observation and fair judgment

FOR the past few months I have been traveling along the Atlantic seaboard. Everywhere people were talking most about Russia. In entirely different communities, almost everybody is pondering the question—Are we going to be able to get along with the Soviet Union?

News of Mussolini's execution and the reported death of Adolf Hitler provoked hardly a ripple of attention. Even before they died, seemingly, they had lost the capacity to bestir emotion. But mention Stalin—which is not in any way to class him with the other two—and any group of people will burst into excited argument.

The dominating note in the comment I heard was an attitude of respect toward Russia, commingled with hope, curiosity, irritation, and apprehension—above all, curiosity. Almost everybody—even editorial writers on the most reactionary papers—*wanted* good relations with Russia, for the most basic and urgent considerations of self-interest. A recent Gallup poll has strongly reinforced this view. But within this framework I found opinions that ranged from the rhapsodic to the vituperative, and leaped into the future with disconcerting rapidity and violence. For instance:

The president of one of the greatest universities in the world, an American renowned for his strong pro-British and interventionist attitude, said to me, "If the British try to get us mixed up in a war against Russia twenty years from now, if once again we have to pull British chestnuts out of the fire in order to maintain what is left of their position in Europe, I will at that moment become the most outspoken isolationist in the United States."

One of the most distinguished journalists I know, a fighting liberal, told me with bitterness and disgust: "This war has become meaningless and our victory is an empty sham. What has happened? We thought we were fighting to keep Nazi Germany, whose philosophy was distasteful to us, from dominating Europe. But the net result is that Soviet Russia, with a philosophy equally distasteful, has now attained the domination we fought to prevent."

One of the ablest of the younger U. S. senators held this view: "The hope of the world will be the creation and maintenance of a Washington-Moscow axis."

And so on.

Almost everyone agreed, however, that unless we *are* able to work together and get along with one another tolerably, another world war *will* be inevitable. I found nobody who desired this except a few professional Russophobes, and they hesitated to admit it openly. Very few feel much inclined to take on the Red Army. But a lot of indiscriminating and ill-informed talk goes on, and there have been persistent efforts to distort, confuse, and obscure the issue. The purpose of this article is to explore a middle view. Nobody but a monster or a maniac wants another war, yet peace for the world depends absolutely on future relations with the U. S. S. R. So let us look into what has suddenly become the paramount political problem of our time.

The two specific questions I heard asked most often were: "Does Russia really want peace?" and "Can the Russians be trusted in diplomatic negotiation?" The answer to the first is that they not only want peace but, to survive as a nation—after 25,000,000 casualties and destruction beyond imagina-

(*Continued on page 34*)

STRANGE THINGS LIE BENEATH THE SEA, AND EVEN BILL MATTOX, SMART AS HE WAS, DIDN'T KNOW THEM ALL. BUT BILL HAD A SUSPICIOUS NATURE, AND, AS OFTEN HAPPENS, SUSPICION LEADS TO EXCITEMENT

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Roughly, even a bit despairingly, he kissed her—but her lips were warm and soft and responsive and not at all in a hurry.

The Golden Headache

BILL MATTOX explained, "I'm a claims adjuster for National Indemnity. I've come to see Mrs. Leseur about the wearing apparel she has reported stolen."

He smiled ingratiatingly as he spoke. He was tall, lean, sandy-haired, not handsome but pleasant-faced; and he worked on the theory that a client was more reasonable if he liked you.

"Mrs. Leseur isn't home," the maid said, "but I can give you the information. Come in, please."

He walked into an elaborate living room and sat down.

"Mrs. Leseur reported losses amounting to four hundred and sixty dollars. Have you got a list of the items missing?"

"Don't need a list," the plump maid said. "The articles were in a silver cigarette box about so big."

She indicated a box about four inches square.

"You telling me that four hundred and sixty bucks' worth of clothes were in a cigarette box?" he blurted.

"You can hear, can't you?"

"Sure, sure," he said placatingly. "List the items."

"A pair of gloves, a scarf, and a pair of stockings."

"And those cost four hundred! What were they made of?" he demanded hoarsely. "Gold?"

"Cloth of gold."

He swallowed hard. Be diplomatic, no matter what. That was standard operating procedure. But his nerves were frazzling.

"You put a pair of gloves inside a cigarette case?"

"They could've been put inside a walnut shell. Those articles were made of very fine silk. Mrs. Leseur said to tell you to check with the Blouse Shop on H Street, where she got the set."

Bill Mattox closed his notebook.

"I'll do that. Stockings at a hundred bucks apiece!"

The Blouse Shop, in downtown San Diego, was a very exclusive shoppe indeed. Here, if a salesperson said a price was two fifty she meant two hundred and fifty. Bill Mattox strode in, and winced; he felt like a fly in a bottle of Chanel No. 5.

He asked for the manager and was hastily shunted into a rear office. The manager was a gray-haired woman with flinty eyes that read his trade, salary, and social status in a glance.

Belligerently he said, "I'm an insurance adjuster. A Mrs. Leseur bought some articles here which have been stolen, and—"

"This is a set similar to Mrs. Leseur's," the woman cut in.

On her desk was a silver cigarette case. She opened it and took from it a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves and a scarf. She unrolled them with reverent care.

"You *did* take them out of that case?" he demanded, his voice going shrill on him. "That wasn't any sleight of hand?"

"It wasn't. These items are made of an exceedingly sheer kind of silk. Aren't they lovely?"

They had a burnished golden luster, like molten sunlight.

"How much do they sell for?" he asked, trying to be casual.

"Mrs. Leseur phoned me to show you her account." She swung a ledger around. "She paid four hundred and sixty dollars."

"What's the ceiling price on them?" he demanded sharply.

"No ceiling. We never had them to sell before."

"All that the traffic will bear, huh? Well, I'm from National Indemnity, and we have to pay a claim, but you aren't sticking us for any profiteering price like that!"

"Our profit," she retorted calmly, "was a nominal commission of ten per cent. We act merely as agent for these."

That stopped him. He frowned.

"Sell a lot of them?"

"We've had only a half dozen sets." She held the fine stockings so that the sunlight shone in rich high lights on the gorgeous texture. "Aren't they lovely? You should see them on Marlene Dietrich's legs."

"Can you arrange it?" he snapped. That brought her attention back with a gasp. "Where do you get these sets?"

"From a Miss Angela Pietrangela, 786 Spray Drive."

"Where does *she* get them?"

"She informed us that she makes them."

"And just where," he demanded, "does she get the raw silk? You tell me that!"

The woman's mouth set tight.

"Why not ask her?"

"Maybe I will!"

He watched as she rolled up the articles.

HE found that 786 Spray Drive was in a modest section of town. He rang the doorbell, and while he waited he wondered. Was he unearthing a particularly odorous kind of black market? This was no knitting mill, but a private home. It sure looked as if those sets of silk gloves and hosiery were being peddled on the sly.

He was in a suspicious and truculent mood; and when a girl opened the door, he snapped, "I'm looking for Angela Pietrangela."

"For *Miss* Angela Pietrangela?"

He gulped, and remembered his manners. "I'd like to see Miss Pietrangela."

"I'm she."

He blinked. This girl emphatically did not look like anything furtive or illegal. She was wearing brief shorts, and a snug bra and cotton gloves and sneakers and she held a trowel, as if she'd been working in the garden.

"May I come in? I'd like to get some information—"

"Sorry, but I'm awf'ly busy. I mean it," she said seriously. "Come back some other time."

FUNDAMENTALLY, Bill Mattox had decent instincts; his folks were nice people. But he couldn't help staring at Angela Pietrangela, and he couldn't help thinking that the more he saw of her the better he liked it, and he couldn't help turning red at the idea.

"Look," he blurted, stammering it out. "I'm from an insurance company. A certain Mrs. Leseur bought a set of gloves and scarf and hosiery that were made by you, and they were stolen from her, and she's trying to collect four hundred and sixty dollars from us—"

"And you're trying to weasel on the claim, is that it?"

"We certainly are not!"

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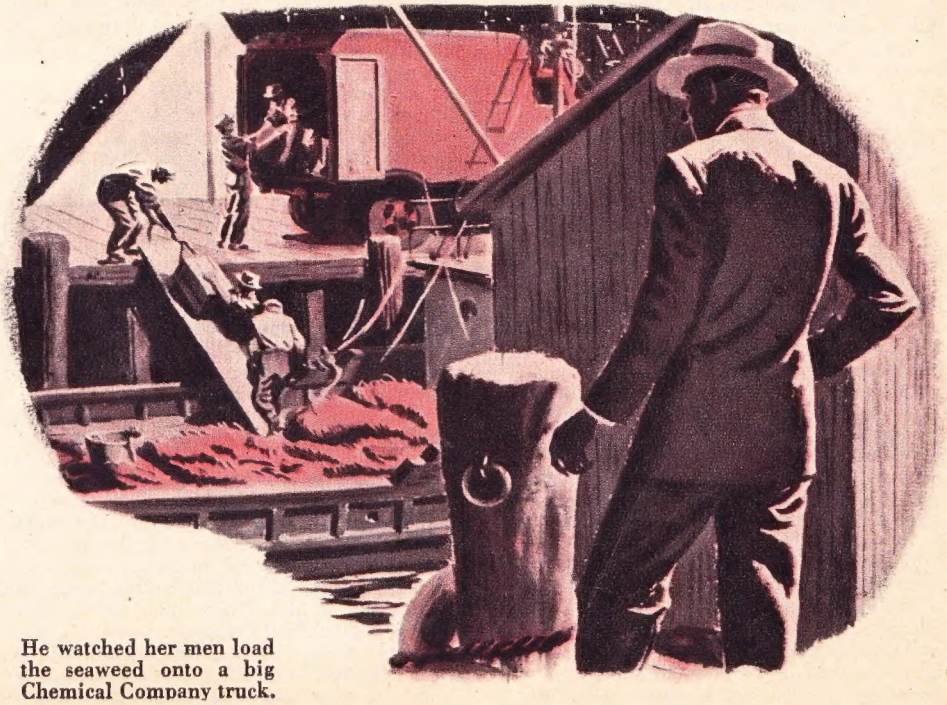


He watched her men load the seaweed onto a big Chemical Company truck.

WHEN WILL THE BOYS BE HOME?

Planning to bring Canadians home from overseas was started away back at the Quebec Conference. The plan, which guarantees that more than 100,000 will be home by Christmas, is subject to change—for the better

By Lieutenant Colonel William Austin

WILL the boys be home for Christmas?"

This question is constantly on the minds of Canadians these days, now that the shooting is over in Europe. Eager parents, wives, sweethearts, and friends are anxiously asking, "When will Jack be home? Will he be kept overseas to occupy Germany? Will he be sent to the Pacific immediately? How long will it be before we see him?"

Those are hard questions to answer, but at the outset it may be said that continuous contact between Canada, Great Britain, and the United States is being maintained on the highest government levels to obtain greater accommodation on North Atlantic ships to bring more and more Canadian servicemen home.

Repatriation of Canada's fighting men has been under discussion between the governments concerned for almost a year —since the Quebec Conference, when Canada's representations were made to the combined Chiefs of Staff. Throughout all the negotiations, Canada has maintained that a minimum of 150,000 men must be returned to Canada in the six months following V-E Day, and, thereafter, 30,000 men a month until all the eligible personnel are home.

For purposes of shipping, V-E Day was taken as July 1.

Figures just announced show that minimum shipping allotments to the Canadian services for the six-month period from July 1 amount to 26,000 for each of the months of July, August, and September, and a total of 48,000 during October, November, and December. This makes a minimum total of 126,000 Army and R. C. A. F. personnel to come home during the rest of this year.

At the same time the Army and R. C. A. F. agreed to divide this allotment of 126,000 troops at 65 per cent for the Army and 35 per cent for the R. C. A. F., until all the personnel for the Pacific force are home. Then the division changes to 88 per cent for the Army and 12 per cent for the R. C. A. F.

On this basis the Army repatriates will total 101,530 for the six months. The estimated strength of the Canadian Army overseas on July 1 was 262,000. The occupation force in Germany and the administrative staff in the United Kingdom will be some 35,000, which shows that about 125,000 Army personnel may still be overseas by New Year's.

This figure need not look so grim when the constantly changing shipping situation is remembered. Canada will accept all extra shipping space that can be found. In June, for example, a chance came to send 30,000 men home, and home they went, although the unexpected repatriation of all these men dislocated the railway systems in Canada and had the men responsible for getting them home wishing there were more than twenty-four hours in a day.

And now that the minimum allotment of shipping space for Canada has been announced, you can be sure that whenever a chance comes along to get more space, the Army will take it. At any rate, about 180,000 men will have arrived home by Christmas.

Why the delay? There is only one answer: ships. Right now the Directorate of Movements of the Canadian Army is prepared to handle 50,000 returning men a month, and they can look after even more than that, with some more planning and hard work. But there just aren't enough ships to do the job.

Why not? Just remember the shipping losses the Allies suffered during the war, and how the war has spread all over the world. And remember, too, that 3,500,000 American soldiers have to be brought back from Europe and many of them sent on to fight the Japs. And think of how the British soldiers are spread across the world's map. They, too, must get home leave and then be redeployed to help eclipse the Rising Sun. The savage war in the Pacific, spread over thousands of miles of ocean, is mounting in intensity as the Allies put their full forces on Japan, and ships in vast numbers are needed.

One small example might illustrate the crying need for shipping, and why there are delays in getting the boys home for Christmas. If a tanker of gasoline is required every day in the Philippines, it takes eighty ships a day to fill that small demand. Because of the great ocean highway over which the tanker must travel, it takes thirty ships proceeding from San Francisco to the Philippines, thirty ships returning to San Francisco, and ten ships in each harbor loading and unloading, being repaired and fitted for the long voyage; all those ships are needed to supply the Philippines with a tanker of gasoline a day. And gasoline, like other weapons of war, is required in huge quantities to beat the Japs. Shipping is one of our most precious weapons of war.

To make the fairest use of shipping that can be spared for returning servicemen, priorities must be arranged. Canada is guaranteed a minimum amount of shipping space. Then who goes home? Naturally, the sick and wounded, the fighting men who spent long years in prisoner-of-war camps, and the urgent compassionate cases must receive first call. Next come the men and women who have volunteered to fight in the Pacific, for they must get home to see the folks, and then be trained for this new type of warfare. And then the men who have been overseas four and five years must take precedence over the chaps who have only been away from home a year or so. The system of priorities for returning men home is eminently fair and takes into consideration all special cases.

And you can be sure that no chance to step up Canada's allotment of shipping is being overlooked. The priorities for the Atlantic shipping pool, which administers the ships that cross that ocean, are constantly under review. The Army does not want to keep a soldier overseas a day longer than is absolutely necessary.

WHAT happens when a unit gets orders to prepare to return to Canada? The boys feel like kings, for they're going home at last. Morale is high with all the lads overseas, but when repatriation orders come through for the unit, when the whole gang is going home together, then things really hum.

But it's not all a joy ride—not yet. Europe was ravaged by the Germans. There is practically no functioning railway in Holland, and the few railways that run in Belgium and France are needed to move food and fuel and supplies of all kinds from the production centers and ports.

Holland, for instance, depends on electric power to work the pumps that keep the waters of the North Sea from flooding the country. Too, in their vain attempts to stop the Canadian victory march, the Germans blew up some of the dikes, and this land must be pumped dry or be worthless as farmland. The electricity to run these pumps comes from coal, and coal

makes up a great percentage of European trainloads as the liberated countries struggle to regain their health.

So the boys are due for a long ride in trucks until they reach the Channel ports. Even here there might be some delays. Eight hundred men destined for one of the first large groups of repatriates were delayed in a Channel port because the ship that was to carry them to England had to be diverted. They did not mind, for they knew that the ship was used to take food to the Channel Islands, where German domination since 1940 had inflicted almost a starvation diet. Priorities had entered the picture again. Getting the boys home is not an easy job.

Once the boys cross the English Channel, things look brighter. Fast trains meet the ships at the docks and they are speedily taken to repatriation depots in southern England—the "Canadian country," where so many thousands of Canucks trained for the battles that spearheaded the way to victory. At the repat depots, the men are checked in, issued new equipment and uniforms, and given leave until a ship is ready to take them home. There are good food, movies, dances, and all the amenities available in Britain.

Then comes the final parade in England, and the units move off in trainloads to the great ports. The boys are in good shape. Each has a check for $100 in his pocket, to be cashed in Canada. And the ship, although crowded, is what they have been dreaming about practically ever since going overseas. It might not be the kind of ocean voyage they'll take their wives on when they go back to revisit old scenes of battle in the years to come, but they want speed, not draperies in staterooms.

The decks are crowded, and the "standee" bunks are not like feather beds, and many of the men may have to sleep out on deck in the summertime to keep cool, but the only thing that matters is that they are going home. The auxiliary services were there before them, and to pass the time on shipboard there are games, books, cigarettes, the usual things in canteens, and movies and music.

While the boys are crossing the ocean, Army machinery is clicking along to see that there are no delays when they arrive. In order that the next of kin and the reception committees in Canada can be advised of who is returning, nominal rolls—a list of all the names of the men in the unit—are flown from Britain to Canada and are in the hands of everyone concerned several days before the arrival of the troopship. Through newspapers and the radio, a man's parents and friends are advised about his arrival in Canada. The next of kin are sent cards admitting them to a special enclosure at their military district depot, so they can greet him as soon as he arrives at the depot.

MEANTIME the troopship is nearing Halifax. As it enters the harbor a grand reception is waiting for it. Gaily decked ships go out to meet the troops. Some of the ships have bands aboard, playing the soldiers' favorite tunes. Fire ships shoot great streams of water into the air, and all the ships in harbor sound their sirens in greeting to the returning warriors.

At the dock a small reception committee is waiting, and the boys are given a royal welcome. The auxiliary services are there too, with coffee and cigarettes, newspapers and fruit, and a man can telegraph home—free—that he has arrived. Disembarkation takes place as rapidly as possible. But it must be remembered that it will require about twenty-five trains to take the boys from one ship to their homes across Canada. Once on the train, they really begin to believe that they are home.

Everything possible is done for the comfort of the returning men. Besides the sleeping and dining cars—taken off overnight runs for the general public and turned over for the use of the troops—the Army will have 100 "soldier sleepers" converted by the end of this month, so that a berth is assured for every veteran. Cracking good meals on the train, plus more handouts from the auxiliary services, help the boys spend their time.

To cut down the time required for the regular Army paper work, a new system has just been put into operation whereby each man has an individual envelope containing his personal information. Before leaving England, he reported to the orderly room the military district where he was going to spend his leave and where he wanted to take his discharge from the Army. The envelope contains this information, plus his travel warrant, ration book, necessary documents in case he wishes to visit the United States on his leave, his baggage check, and information about getting gasoline coupons and liquor permits, and train schedules from his depot to his home. Everything is looked after.

His train finally pulls into the reception center at his district depot. Because of this "streamlined documentation" it does not take long for him to check in, get his thirty-day leave, and rush out to the special enclosure to greet the friends and relatives waiting for him.

In cases where the next of kin of returning men live away from the city where the depot is located, arrangements are quickly made to send a telegram or to phone—free.

Well, that's how the boys are coming home. Whether or not your special soldier will be home for Christmas depends on how long he has been overseas—how he fits into the priority scheme. When the boys come home, though, they all get thirty days' leave whether they are going to the Pacific or not, and if they are not going on to finish the war, then their discharge from the services can be obtained quickly. Availability of shipping is the main thing in bringing the boys home, and that is constantly changing, but usually for the good.

Say, who's that knocking at the door?

THE END

Homeward-bound Canadians arrive at Halifax. In the last six months of this year, at least 126,000 Army and R. C. A. F. will return.

CANADIAN ARMY PHOTOS

Waldo the Weep

Waldo made a good living hiring himself out to lawyers as a professional courtroom weeper. But there came a sorry day when he lost his talent for tears—and in a very funny way

BY STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

PERSONALLY, I always consider suicide too dangerous a pastime to indulge in freely. And up to the time I have this experience with Waldo the Weep, I always feel when a guy mentions suicide I got to be polite and try and talk him out of it. But Waldo changes my attitude completely. And the next guy who mentions he is considering the step is apt to find me right there lending a helping hand.

This Waldo is a long, somewhat limber guy who makes a living running bail and fixing witnesses, but chiefly as a courthouse "weep." Like some party sues for personal injuries suffered in a wreck or somehow, and his lawyer wants a sympathetic atmosphere in the courtroom. That is where Waldo fits in. For a small fee he will sit in the front row, as close to the jury box as he can get. Then when this party describes what agony and fierce pains he suffers, Waldo will turn on the sympathy. First he pulls out a handkerchief and gives a few manly sniffs; then he starts to sob silently, with great tears rolling down his cheeks. And, like as not, the jury will get sympathetic, too, and will return a verdict for more than a few damages.

When I ask Waldo how he manages to turn his tears on and off like a beer spigot, he swears me to silence, like he is letting me in on a trade secret. Then he asks do I ever hear of Waldo and Wando. When I say I don't, he explains they are just about the best song-and-dance team that ever hits the country, and only a conspiracy on the part of the booking agents keeps them off Broadway. That, and the fact Wando, who is also Mrs. Waldo, runs away with a trained-seal act.

"For years we work one-night stands, eating out of cans and in cheap hash houses," Waldo says mournfully. "But we are always talking about leaving the stage and settling down. And every night Wando is going to have a home-cooked meal ready for me when I get home from work. Steak and potatoes and biscuits," he says in a reverent voice. "Biscuits that will melt in your mouth. So," he ends up suddenly, "every time I want to weep, I just think about all those home-cooked meals I never get. Then I can't help but weep."

Now, even though Waldo does not have much competition in his line of work, he does not do so well. Times are hard. A lot of the lawyers must figure they can cut down on expenses by doing their own weeping. And others do not get around to paying Waldo even though he weeps them into a nice judgment.

On this night I start to tell about, we are all throwing a big party for ourselves at the Boston Bar. Everybody is there, and I guess everybody is high and happy. Everybody, that is, but Waldo. I see him a couple of times, and he is drooping around, wasting a lot of tears on himself that he ought to save for professional expenditure. I try to dodge him, but it is no use. He sees me trying to duck, and that just gives him a reason to start shedding tears.

"You know," he says, grabbing onto my arm, "I been thinking it over for a long time, and I am now very tired of living. I would go out and shoot myself right off, only I got some insurance made out in the name of my baby. And, naturally, if I shoot myself, Junior will not be able to collect, on account of the policy does not cover suicide."

I figure Waldo is just talking to have something to say.

"Yes," he says, taking another drink, "I am a bum and a stinker. Since my wife leaves me I have gone completely to pot. But I am not stinker enough to cheat my baby out of my insurance by bumping myself off personally. So," he says, "what I am going to do is fix things so it will look like I am killed by other parties. That way," he says, "they got to pay my insurance. Though why," he ends thoughtfully, "it is more respectable or legal to be killed by somebody else, even a stranger maybe, than by yourself, I cannot see."

But by this time my interest is aroused. I am most sorry I misjudge Waldo in the past, since it is clear he is a gentleman through and through to think of his baby at a time like this. "How are you figuring on making it look like you do not kill yourself but are killed?" I ask.

"That is what I am leading up to," he answers. "I am writing myself threatening letters so it will look like someone knocks me off. And I wonder," he asks politely, "will you be accommodating enough to sign this one for me?"

He hands me a letter and a fountain pen all unscrewed for ready use. Things are a little foggy, but still I make out to read the letter, which is addressed to Waldo, and which says: "Dear Waldo. You Rat. I am going to cut your throat for what you did to Helen."

"I am always glad to help a pal," I say, not thinking very clearly. I sign the letter and hand it back. "By the way," I ask, "who is Helen?"

"I do not know," Waldo answers. "I just make her up so the police will think you have a motive for threatening me."

Waldo shakes my hand and thanks me so warmly we both get to weeping together, and I apologize for calling him a rat in the letter.

"That is all right," he says generously, between his tears. "It is no better than I deserve."

WHAT with one thing and another, I do not think about this letter again until I get up the next afternoon. And then I call Waldo several worse things than a "rat," for it suddenly occurs to me that if he kills himself after we leave the party, the police may have a lot of embarrassing questions to ask me. As I get dressed I am most bitter that I ever learn to write so I can sign a crazy letter like this.

I buy a paper right off to see if there is anything about Waldo in it. And then I head out to find him and get that letter back, if he is still alive. As you may well believe, I am most surprised to find half a dozen indignant citizens at the Boston Bar who, for one reason or another, also sign threatening letters to Waldo the night before. And all of them, now they think the matter over, want their letters back before Waldo does any self-liquidating.

"If I ever see that tramp again," No Dice says in a mean voice, "I'll—" And then he stops. I guess he figures he is in trouble enough not to make any more threats against Waldo. So No Dice ends by saying, "I'll blow him to a big feed. Waldo," he explains loudly, so we all can hear, "is always a particular friend of mine. And anything I say in a letter to the contrary is just a gag and is strictly untrue."

The rest of us get the same idea. First one and then another announces loudly that he always loves Waldo like a brother, and that anything the speaker may have written Waldo is a gross distortion, and, furthermore, the speaker trusts that if the need arises, the parties present will bear witness to the love and esteem the speaker always bears for Waldo.

ABOUT this time who comes in but Waldo himself, looking as mournful as ever. We all give him an eager hello and try to outdo each other in showering him with friendship. Waldo gives us a bleak smile.

"Fellows," he says, and tears start to roll down his cheeks, "I have come around to tell you good-by. If there is anything that makes me sad about checking out," he says delicately, "it is leaving a swell bunch of guys like you."

"Then why leave us?" Ollie Musto asks quickly. "You got a lot of friends, Waldo," he says, "and you don't want to do anything hasty."

Waldo heaves a big sigh and continues to weep. One and all, we stir around to make Waldo comfortable, hoping to cheer him up. But he only sits there moping.

"Since my wife leaves me I got nothing to live for," Waldo says.

"I would have scragged myself a long time ago, if I hadn't been afraid Junior would lose my insurance. But thanks to your kind co-operation," he says politely, "things are fixed so when I am gone, Junior will have no trouble collecting, so I am going to end it all."

"By the way, Waldo," I say brightly, "I'm sure you aren't going to do anything careless with that letter I sign for you last night. What a sense of humor you got, Waldo, old boy, old boy!" I say with a merry laugh that I do not feel. "Making us all sign threatening letters! Now, if you are through with your little joke, I will thank you to return the letter I sign, for I do not want it to fall into the hands of parties who might not understand."

"I am sorry," Waldo answers sorrowfully, "but this morning I gave all those letters to my attorney. I explain to him, while I do not want to make any trouble, I hope and trust he will turn the letters over to the D. A. in case anything sudden happens to me."

"All of them?" I ask in a feeble voice.

"All of them," he repeats. "I got a lot of letters because I want to be fair," he says. "That way you will all have plenty of company. And you can blame my demise on each other."

This is strictly no consolation. We all try to talk Waldo out of removing himself.

(*Continued on page 36*)

No Dice is very annoyed. "After the trouble we take to get you bumped off, you ruin everything."

How Well Do You Read?

Almost everyone can read, but most of us do it badly. The right way will make reading more enjoyable and more profitable. Here's how to test your own reading ability and how to improve it

BY RUTH McCOY HARRIS

WOULD you like to find out how fast you read?

First, get a pencil and a watch or clock and have them ready. When you come to the end of this paragraph, write down the exact time. Then keep on reading at your regular speed. Don't hurry. Questions at the end of the article will test your understanding of what you have read. They are general questions; don't try to memorize details. Don't dawdle or turn back to reread; that will slow you down and give you a low score. Are you ready? Write down the time. Begin:

"Slow readers are poor readers. Such old saws as 'Slow but sure,' 'Haste makes waste,' and 'Better slow than sorry,' don't apply to reading. A person reads fast because he thinks fast, is alert and curious, has good eyesight and excellent reading habits, a good vocabulary and a wide background of information. Some such persons can read as fast as 6,000 words a minute. They absorb much more of what they read than the plodder who takes ten times as long to read the same thing."

So says Norman Lewis, the author of How to Read Better and Faster. He has taught remedial reading to private students, to men in the Army, to students at the College of the City of New York. He is now teaching the improvements of reading in the new night classes conducted by City College. His class includes housewives and office employees, factory workers, an Army officer, a lawyer, and several college students. Another long list is waiting to begin when the present class finishes its eight-week course, by which time Lewis hopes to see his pupils improve by 50 to 100 per cent.

Lewis, young and a born teacher with an engaging personality, believes reading is perhaps the most important skill we ever learn.

In other days, in pioneer life, for example, a man could live successfully without being able to read at all. As a boy he learned to hunt and fish, to clear the forest, build a cabin and cultivate the land by working beside his father.

Today, Lewis explains, there is hardly a job that doesn't require reading. The U. S. Army found it could make very little use of men who could not read at all, and rejects them.

Not only that, but a child is doomed to failure in school if he doesn't learn to read reasonably well.

Most delinquents have a long record of school failure, beginning with reading troubles.

At least 60 per cent of adults do not read well. Millions read nothing at all but the comics.

There is nothing wrong with comics, but many of these people would also enjoy reading newspapers; they would find pleasure and stimulation in magazines and books if only they could read a little better. They would find their leisure time more enjoyable; they would certainly become better citizens.

At the N. Y. U. reading clinic, a youngster squints into a telebinocular—which will test his ability to focus.

Lewis, of course, is not the only person who teaches people to read better. There are reading clinics connected with many colleges and universities. One of the best known private clinics is the New York University Reading Clinic headed by Dr. Stella S. Center. Dartmouth has a famous reading clinic. The public school of Farmingdale, New York, has one, Binghamton has recently started one, and a few other public schools have either a clinic or a teacher of remedial reading.

The N. Y. U. reading clinic begins by giving you a series of tests. The first is a telebinocular test, to find out whether you have eye trouble which needs correction by expert treatment or glasses. This test also shows how well your eyes focus. They should work together, but sometimes they do not. You may be using one eye to read with, letting the other wander or loaf. And some people see double without taking a single drink.

If you have good eyes that focus properly, the next test at the reading clinic is made with the ophthalmograph. This device photographs the motions of your eyes as you read. It shows on a film how often your eyes stop in reading a single line, and how easily they swing to the next line. It also shows how often you turn back to reread a word or line. A good reader makes only two or three stops, or fixations, on an ordinary line; a poor reader stops for nearly every word and often turns back.

After your eye movements have been photographed, you are given a reading test, such as you are now making for yourself. You find out how many words you read in a minute, and whether you understand what you read.

You are given a vocabulary test, too, and the final test may be psychological, given by an expert and intended to show, among other things, whether reading defects are due to worry and tension or to inability to concentrate. Many poor readers, among children especially, are emotionally upset, perhaps because of home or school conditions.

After all these tests, you can either work on your own reading problems at home, join a class in remedial reading, or keep on at the clinic, which is rather expensive, but worth it.

The N. Y. U. clinic uses such instruments as the metronoscope and the flashmeter. The metronoscope shows you one part of a line at a time, then the next part, and the next, so that you have to keep reading ahead; you can neither stop too long nor turn back. The machine can be adjusted so that you gradually increase your speed.

An excellent reader will see an entire line at once, so that he can read *down* a narrow column of type without moving his eyes from left to right. That is how Theodore Roosevelt got the reputation of reading a whole page at a glance—an obvious impossibility. He read rapidly down the page, and he knew how to skim, often reading only the key words.

The flashmeter throws a group of words, a picture, or a column of figures on the screen for a very short time. When the

image is gone, you write down what you saw—if anything. The first time I tried the flashmeter, I *thought* I saw something flash on the screen, but I wasn't sure! The class of little children in the room immediately drew a complicated diagram of interlocking squares, and, sure enough, that was what had been flashed. As your eyes become trained to focus quickly, and your mind trained to remember or recall what you have seen, you are amazed how much you see in an instantaneous flash. It is as if your eyes take a picture, which your brain studies at its leisure after the original has disappeared.

PART of the training at any clinic is similar to Lewis' exercises. You simply make a conscious effort to read a little faster for a certain time every day, and to see more at each glance, or fixation. Your eyes see nothing as they are moving; it is during the brief pauses that they read. The wider your eye span, the more words you see at once and the faster you read.

"Then the chief reading faults are reading one word at a time and turning back to reread?" Dr. Center was asked.

"Yes. They are evidences of poor reading. We find that these two bad reading habits characterize the inefficient reader. Many of those who read slowly not only look at each word separately; they pronounce each word, either aloud or in their minds. If you want to find out whether you are pronouncing the words, touch your lips lightly as you try to read silently. If they move slightly, you are vocalizing. If your lips do not move, try touching your throat lightly over your vocal cords. If they vibrate a little, you are vocalizing, even though your lips are still."

"And that slows down reading?"

"Naturally. You can read much faster than you can pronounce all the words."

"How can you keep from vocalizing?"

"By trying to read easy material faster, so that there is no time to pronounce. And simply by trying to keep the lips still. But most of all, by keeping the mind focused on the thought."

"But how can you keep from turning back? Sometimes a sentence doesn't seem clear."

"The best way to keep from regressing is to try to follow the author's thought closely," Dr. Center said. "Reading is controlled thinking, stimulated by the printed page. We read efficiently when our minds and imaginations are captured by what we read."

The metronoscope cures you of looking back, a bad fault of slow readers. The phrase vanishes almost as you see it; you've got to grasp it and go on.

Another method might be to use a blank card, sliding it down the page as you read, to cover up what has gone before. However, this must be done quickly or it will slow you up.

All reading experts agree that a poor vocabulary is a drawback to good and rapid reading. If every sentence contains words you do not know, you will be continually stopping to puzzle over them.

But the answer is not to keep a dictionary beside you, stopping to look up every new word. Keep going, at least to the end of the paragraph. Often the meaning of the word is made clear by the way it is used. If not, it may become clear if you try to figure it out before looking it up. Of course, using the dictionary is a good habit, but it should not interfere too much with your reading.

"A large vocabulary," says Lewis, "does not come from looking up words in a dictionary. It comes from wide reading, from being alert and curious. The dictionary is a help, of course, but looking up long lists of words is not enough to give you a large vocabulary."

LEWIS should know about this; he loves to read the dictionary, and has written more than one book about words. The books he recommended for his students' outside reading were far from light. They were nearly all factual: history and biography, psychology and physiology, mathematics, sociology.

"These seem like pretty heavy going for slow readers," I remarked.

"Yes, they are full of facts," he agreed. "But you'll notice that they're interestingly written. Even on a difficult subject, it's always much easier to read a vivid and colorful book than a dull one. Some writers can make even a juicy scandal dull; others manage to enliven science, mathematics, or law.

"I don't advise my students to read only these books. If they will read whodunits and boy-meets-girl stories, that is fine. It will help them speed up.

"But one trouble with slow readers, besides a poor vocabulary and poor reading habits, is a narrow background of information. They have never enjoyed reading. Some of them have never read a book since their teachers forced them to. They have missed a lot that other people know. Reading even a few books like these I recommend will give them a backlog of facts to build on. The more you know, the easier for you to read faster."

"But they can't read these books as fast as a murder mystery?"

"No, indeed. Let them speed through something light. But when you read a factual book with many new words and ideas, you have to slow down to a comfortable speed. You have to adapt your reading rate to what you read and to your purpose."

In this, Dr. Center heartily agrees. Adapting your reading speed to your

(*Continued on page 43*)

From time to time recordings are made of something you read so that your progress may be observed. A good reading rate is five hundred words a minute.

Who's the Sucker?

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

The soldier knew it was risky to get into card games with strangers. He played along anyhow, just to watch the sharper operate—but the pay-off was one he never expected

BY DARRELL HUFF

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

THE chaplain had told us plenty about not throwing away our money in card games, but I'll have to confess it was what the card sharp on the boat said that hit home.

He was an ex-gambler himself and he was traveling around for the Army to warn us against tricks gamblers use. Some of the stunts he demonstrated with what started out as an honest deck of cards were pretty cute, but his principal piece of advice boiled down to: Don't play cards with strangers.

He made his speech the night before we sailed into San Francisco, and here I was, the next afternoon, on the first train for Chicago. His advice was still fresh in my mind as I sat on soft Union Pacific cushions and watched everything he'd warned us against being demonstrated precisely as he had described it.

What I was watching as we pulled out of Berkeley were the maneuvers of a pleasant-looking pudgy man of forty-five or so as he wandered around the car trying to drum up a poker game. It was just as the expert on the boat had said—this fellow looked as little like a card sharp as anyone I had ever seen.

He was having pretty good luck. Three of the men he'd approached had smiled and nodded at his suggestion, and I was just wondering idly which was his confederate and which were the suckers when he came up to me and said, "Hello, sergeant."

I was not surprised. The man on the boat had warned us that soldiers back from the Pacific were favorite victims of gamblers on trains. Because so many come home loaded down with unspent pay, the expert had pointed out.

Anyway, the man with poker on his mind leaned on my shoulder and introduced himself as "Joe Yates, in the hardware business, Evanston, Illinois." He pumped me a bit and I confessed that I was home from the Pacific after nearly two years and that I'd got nicked on Luzon.

By the time he popped the question he'd been leading up to I'd made up my mind. It was worth anything up to twenty bucks to watch a professional operate, I figured, so I said O. K., I'd sit in.

"I'm carrying all the money I've been able to save in two years," I told him, to lead him on, and I thought that I saw his eyes gleam at the words. "But I wouldn't want to go for very much more than twenty dollars."

"Just a friendly game to pass the time," Yates assured me, and the next thing I knew I was introduced to the other three guys and the game was on.

I watched everything that happened more than I did my cards, figuring that I was bound to win or lose as Yates wanted me to, no matter what I did. I tried to spot his confederate, but finally concluded the other three were just pick-up acquaintances like me, and Yates was operating alone. We played an hour or so and then knocked off for dinner, agreeing to resume about eight o'clock.

We played all evening, and when we finished I was ahead ten bucks. Yates was out a couple dollars and the other three guys were all losers too.

It was then I could see the finger was on me. I was getting the build-up for the big let-down later on. Yates was letting the other guys lose but seeing that I won. I was it.

When we met for another session the next morning, Yates was already in the lounge car, talking with a nice motherly-looking woman and a pretty little blonde girl of five or six. "My wife and kid," he explained briefly, picking up the deck and sitting down beside us. I watched the other players closely. They appeared to believe him. Well, that was all right. *They* weren't picked for sucker. I was.

The morning session was a short one and it came out just as I expected. I lost a couple of dollars—not enough to scare me out but enough to keep me from getting suspicious. I was filled with admiration at how that one lecture from the card expert had taught me to anticipate every move Yates made.

WE met that evening for what would have to be our next to last game, since we were due in Chicago at noon the next day. This is the build-up hour, I told myself. Yates will see that I win enough tonight to bring me to the game tomorrow with a lot of confidence and greed—and readiness to gamble every nickel I've got.

When I crawled into my berth around midnight, I was fifty-four dollars ahead of the game. Most of it was Yates' money, but one of the other men had lost substantially too, which impressed me as skillful maneuvering on Yates' part.

Our final session started early the next forenoon. Here is where I pay for my little poker lesson, I told myself, and grinned inwardly at the thought of how surprised Yates would be if he could guess that I knew what was scheduled.

By eleven o'clock I was just where I'd started that morning. Then it was my deal and I won a fifteen-dollar pot when Yates tossed down his hand. A little encouragement for me.

Yates picked up the cards and shuffled them with quick fingers.

"Better make this hand the last one," he suggested, looking at his wrist watch. We all agreed. It was time to pack.

"How about taking off the limit?" Yates went on. And then, when we hesitated, "Give me one last chance to get even."

"Sure," the other fellows agreed promptly, and I had to string along.

This is where the bite goes on me for sure, I warned myself grimly.

I looked at my cards. Three queens and a couple of no-account little ones. Enough better than anything I'd got so far that morning to tempt me.

By the time we drew more cards the pot was pretty close to a hundred dollars. Yates threw away one card. I took two, of course, and I was not very much surprised to find that one of them was a queen.

Four queens. Nice hand. Good enough to high-pressure the caution out of any sucker.

The other three players didn't seem to draw much of anything—why should they?—because they dropped out on the first round, leaving the pot to Yates and me.

It went up slowly, but before I knew it I was in deep. If I dropped out now I stood to lose everything I'd won so far, plus most of the twenty I'd set aside originally.

If I stayed—well, then Yates had me where he wanted me.

He thought he did, that is, and the idea made me mad. Sucker, eh? I decided to dig deep into my wallet and play the hand like any dumb traveler asking for a trimming. Then I'd turn Yates over to the cops at Chicago and get my dough back. Undoubtedly they had his picture and prints.

So I kept on raising and Yates kept on raising, till finally he said, "That about cleans me," and called.

There was $436 in the pot.

The other three guys in the game were nearly as excited as I was by this time, and when I looked up I noticed for the first time that half the people in the lounge car were standing around close, watching us play for the big pot. As for Yates, he was managing to look more excited than anybody else. A pretty convincing act if you didn't know any better.

I put down my four queens. Yates tossed his hand beside mine and shoved the pot at me. He had a full house. Good, but not good enough.

I WAS still in a mental fog when I climbed off the train at Chicago a few minutes later, my hands full of luggage and my pockets stuffed with my winnings. I noticed Yates walking along a few yards away. The woman he'd been talking to on the train and the pretty little blonde girl were with him, making as nice a family group as you could ask to see. Yates didn't notice me, but the little girl did.

"Ooh, mama, mama!" the kid shrieked, tugging at the woman's coat and pointing an excited finger at me. "Look!"

Everybody in the station looked, all right. My face burned.

"That soldier!" screamed the little girl, while her mother tried to shush her. "That's the gambler who took all daddy's money!"

My face still gets red when I think about it.

THE END

It was then I could see the finger was on me. I was getting the build-up for the big let-down later on.

Liberty Profile:

TOMMY RYAN

An authority on art, antiques, and auctions, his incidental interests have included the invention of five-pin bowling. And as a perpetrator of practical jokes, he has shown even Olsen and Johnson quite a few new tricks

BY TRENT FRAYNE

A RADIO stood on the auction block, a tune of the day gushing out of its throat to be absorbed by the shuffling sounds of the crowd. The bidding was less than spirited, but the assembled hundreds were surprised when the auctioneer suddenly closed it at twenty dollars.

"But I'd have bid twenty-one," complained someone in the crowd. The auctioneer smiled, apologized, then said, "It's hardly worth more than twenty."

This was Thomas Francis Ryan, art dealer, auctioneer, sportsman, and jack-of-most-trades throughout his sixty-six colorful years. The anecdote serves to illustrate what Tommy Ryan considers the prime requisite of successful auctioneering.

"Never try to rub it in," he explains. "Know the value of your merchandise and don't let the bidding soar. If you do, the only reputation you'll build will be a poor one. No auctioneer ever was successful who had a poor reputation."

Ryan is the fun-loving president and general manager of Ryan's Art Galleries, a limited company whose headquarters is a rich rambling old house in Toronto which an appraiser two years ago declared could not be duplicated for a million dollars. Ryan is regarded in eastern Canada as one of the country's outstanding authorities on art and antiques. He is inclined to scoff at this, because, he smiles, an antique is something you buy for fifty cents and sell for fifty dollars.

"Who," he demands, "would wish to be known as a connoisseur of such colossal swindling?"

Vigorous, erect, twinkling-eyed Ryan does not smoke or drink, never has, beyond the point of an occasional puff or an exploratory sip. Yet he is a congenial host whose wine cellar contains all of the ancient qualities of his genuine Chippendale and Sheraton furnishings. He is an inveterate practical joker, and he accepts the practical joke as good-humoredly when he is the butt as when he is the joker. Nor does Ryan hurl his pranks indiscriminately. When the Romans come to Ryan's, he does as the Romans do.

One of Ryan's finest practical jokes concerns a $50,000 painting, a so-called mystery painting which hangs draped in his living room. This painting has an amazing quality of illusion by which the subjects appear to move when the onlooker stares steadily at them. Visitors to Ryan's have discovered that a wooden bench across the room from the painting affords the best vantage point from which to observe the illusion. When they are seated, Ryan undrapes the painting and the onlooker suddenly leaps, screaming, into the air. But not from ecstasy. The bench is wired and when Ryan pushes a buzzer, the current contacts a highly vulnerable portion of the anatomy.

After the light has dawned, the onlooker invariably asks "How much does that painting cost, Tommy?" Ryan figures around $600, but admits he'll take $100 if anybody will offer it.

In recent years Ryan has been a judge at the finals of the Toronto Police Association's annual Miss Toronto Contest, a bathing-suited parade of pulchritude. After the contest Ryan always entertains the constabulary. Before meat rationing, lunch included hot dogs, among which Ryan placed a number of rubber wieners. It was worth the rigors of staring at bathing beauties under a hot sun to be able to observe a gendarme clutching an ersatz hot dog, looking around at his fellow constables who were enjoying real wieners, and then taking another vicious swipe at the offending dog.

As an auctioneer, Ryan leaves all his pranks in his living room. He sits quietly at the front of the auction, a public-address-system microphone cupped to his mouth. He describes the article, mentions its physical flaws, if any, and then calmly asks, "What am I bid?" He moves the bidding along swiftly, and when it lags he mentions the price two or three times. Then he says, "Last warning," pauses briefly, and finally closes the bidding with the single stroke of a tiny gavel.

Inevitably there are those who ask Ryan how he learned to appraise antiques, rugs, paintings, and such merchandise. His answer is constant: "It's all a matter of experience. I have been in the business twenty-six years. It took me twenty-six years to learn it and it would take me twenty-six years to tell you the things I've learned. I'm sixty-six now, so, frankly, I haven't got the time."

Of all the items he has handled, ruddy-faced, snow-white-haired Ryan calls the study of rugs the most fascinating. This he chooses ahead of oil paintings, period furniture, china, and glassware. Of oil paintings, he says he "never made enough money out of them to pay for the light I burned over them." Rugs can be identified not only by extensive book study, but also by handling, and Ryan points out that the most expensive are woven with too many knots, or threads, to the square inch to be evaluated by the eye; only the touch of an experienced hand can place an immediate price on them. Orientals run from 150 to 600 knots a square inch and often require six or seven years' work by four rugmakers to complete. "The study of rugs is the deepest in art," he insists. "It's as deep as the eyes of a quiet woman."

Antiques, of course, require perseverance and experience. They are articles which are classified as being more than 100 years old and of period design. They are valuable because they were fashioned by such talented workmen that they have stood the test of time. But Ryan, appreciating as he does an antique, will take a copy made by an established furniture-manufacturing company any day. He recalls attending the auction in 1919 of the estate of the celebrated Italian tenor, Enrico Caruso, which was held in New York. "There were Chippendales there that were falling apart which brought five hundred and fifty dollars for a single chair. And there were copies made by high-class firms which went for fifty-five dollars. Personally, I liked the copies, but then perhaps I was only thinking of a quick turnover."

Ryan proclaims that people can purchase items at auction they could never afford to buy new. For instance, often a family will buy valuable linens in wholesale lots, cherish them until they die, when the linens pass along to the heirs. The heirs probably have furnished their own homes by this time and will be looking for a good place to dispose of their legacy. The most likely, says Ryan, is the auction rooms, where an item is appraised not at its retail value but only at the price an auction can bring—seldom more than half the retail cost.

As Ryan says, he didn't pick up these facts and theories overnight. Although he has been an auctioneer twenty-six years, he has been studying the art of art dealing since 1891, when he left his native town of Guelph and got a job in Toronto as an invoice clerk at Gowans, Kent and Co., the largest china, glassware, and antique dealers in Ontario. Actually, thirteen-year-old Ryan was to have been hired for only two months, but it happened that Gowans, Kent had a baseball club, and when the firm discovered it had a pitcher in its midst, Ryan's job was secure.

IN six months he was in the sample room, and in two years he was on the road, a fifteen-year-old lad who said he was eighteen in order to obtain a traveler's certificate. In ten years he was branching out into other interests, had put up $2,000 with a fellow named Jack White to bring the first American bowling alleys to Canada, and by 1905, when Gowans, Kent sold out, Ryan devoted himself exclusively to bowling.

In those days the characters who frequented alleys were somewhat coarser than the drawing-room set, and Ryan determined to whitewash the pastime. He and White built new alleys, with glittering surroundings, called the place the Toronto Bowling Club, and named some of the gents in the finer element to honorary executive positions. This attracted a, as Ryan says, more desirable clientele, but it still didn't provide a complete answer, because the tenpin bowling balls were a little too heavy for the chappies who made their living between their ears, so to speak. Also, the ladies barely could lift the sixteen-pound ball.

"So I discovered five-pins," Ryan mentions casually, by way of explaining how he circumvented the obstacle.

He substituted the 2½-pound five-pin ball we know today, and he had a wood turner shave down the large tenpins. "I placed heavy rubber bands around the pins," Ryan supplies, still casually, "and that's the way they are today." Ryan's friends repeatedly told him he was off his rocker to attempt to dress up and revolutionize bowling, and he was so busy proving them wrong that he never did apply for a patent. A few years later a bowling-equipment manufacturing company did. Ryan still pauses between practical jokes to muse on the amount of money he could have made.

All this while, of course, Ryan had his fingers in other pies. He organized the first excursions to the race tracks at Hamilton and Fort Erie. He gave the railroad a daily guaranty of $200 for the twenty-six days of racing at the two tracks and collected fifty cents on every ticket he sold. He made $4,000 the first year, and then tried World Series excursions.

IN Detroit he saw a baseball scoreboard which was carrying a play-by-play account of the game in Pittsburgh. (The teams opened the World Series in Pittsburgh, then moved to Detroit to continue the games.) Ryan immediately ferreted out the board's owner and rented it for $600 in order to bring the World Series to Toronto the following year. He placed the board in Massey Hall, sold tickets at fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and a dollar.

"It was a sensation," recalls Ryan. "It had never been done in Toronto before. I lost nine hundred dollars."

Ryan installed the first board in Buffalo in 1911, and in 1913 he was given the concession for handling scoreboards in Madison Square Garden and nine New York theaters. Eventually he had boards in most of the large U. S. cities clear out to St. Louis, and just as he was about to settle down and count his first million, some bright young fellow discovered that the facilities of radio were ideally suited for the broadcast of World Series games.

Ryan might have been unhappy about this, except that in 1911 he had become fight promoter for the Olympic Athletic Club in Toronto. This attracted most of his energies after scoreboards collapsed, but then the fight game suffered a jolt when the war came in the summer of 1914.

And of course there were his horses. In 1906 an owner named Harvey Boyle offered to give Tommy a half-interest in a jumper called Lights Out if he would pay the winter and training expenses of the horse. Ryan agreed, and when the racing season got under way, Lights Out won nine races before he was killed missing a jump. Ryan eventually owned a twelve-horse stable, but disposed of it because the horses required too much attention and, more important, too much money.

There was the hotel, too. Tommy entered that business in early 1915 with some of his scoreboard profits. But in 1917 along came prohibition to wipe out his bar and, with it, his hotel. So he started buying unclaimed freight and selling it at a second-hand store he opened in Toronto. He opened an antique shop late in 1918, and also made a fair profit buying Army goods after the war. He sold cots, blankets, beaverboard, asbestos, nails, and numerous other Army articles, and made frequent trips to New York to pick up a carload of good furniture at auction sales. He became fascinated by the methods of the New York auctioneers. He noted their friendliness and how they remembered names of clients. He started to study rugs and furniture and he discovered his early experience with Gowans, Kent was invaluable when he came to study china, glassware, and other art articles. In December, 1918, he decided to become an auctioneer.

POSTWAR depression struck in 1923, after Ryan had been fairly successful in launching his new career. He had to sell out. Then he rented the Massey House for $300 a month and decided to hold social functions, weddings, and receptions in it. He lost money steadily for three years, and then started holding large auctions and estate sales and became the first auctioneer in America to put on an auction at night. This was in 1926. In 1928, Ryan's Art Galleries as a limited company came into being when the Massey residence was purchased, and Ryan settled down to live and work in the rambling place as president and general manager of the company. Twelve years ago he was appointed official government auctioneer, handling customhouse sales, post-office sales, and, more recently, sales by the War Assets Corporation. A year ago he sold 150 Army motorcycles for the corporation in four hours, collecting $33,000.

In such sales and under such sponsorship, Ryan works on a straight salary, but in his private auctions he collects 20 per cent of the gross sale if the auction is held at the Galleries. He charges 12½ per cent for auctions in private homes. Easily the most hectic of any of his hundreds of sales was staged in Toronto's Varsity Stadium in 1934, when the then premier, Mitchell Hepburn, decided the Ontario government was providing its employees with altogether too many automobiles. They all must go, he declared, and, with 20,000 people looking on in the football bowl, they went, Ryan gathering some $30,000 for a score or more of them.

Ryan is on the job constantly in the fine old house, carrying a removable telephone extension in his wake as he moves from room to room, so that any of his twelve employees in the downstairs office can contact him any time. He estimates that the furnishings in the house, which are constantly in a state of change-over as new loads come in and old ones go in the wake of an auction, are worth about $300,000, many of them being permanent pieces but the vast majority being available to the highest bidder.

Headliners in the entertainment world have heard of Ryan's Galleries and many of them have outfitted their homes after browsing through the old house when they have happened to be in Toronto. Some of them have become his close friends, notably Olsen and Johnson, the wacky Broadway pair who ran Hellzapoppin into a couple of million dollars. "Ole and Chick disappointed me," Ryan relates. "They went hook, line, and sinker for every gag I pulled. I thought those boys would be too smart to fall for my old tricks." Later they took Ryan to New York as their guest for a week and showed him a bag of practical jokes that had Tommy reeling.

People have always fascinated Ryan, and down through the years his every enterprise has involved physical contact with people. They fascinate him still, at the ripe young age of sixty-six, and he figures they'll go on fascinating him for the next sixty-six years. He doesn't seem to have given it a passing thought but he'll go on fascinating people, too.

THE END

The Camera Eye

QUICK, HENRY, THIS IS IT!—Mosquitoes and a whole array of insects were blitzed at Jones Beach, Long Island, recently in the first public test of DDT, deadly bug-killer. Four miles of beach were blanketed with a fog application of the stuff.

THE MAYOR AND THE MOPPET—The Lord Mayor of London drops his official dignity and stoops to conquer. On a visit to a Sussex school, he refereed a yacht race between some bathtub sailors—one of whom seems to resent his decision.

THE SECRET'S OUT—"Slow as molasses in January" is now a scientific fact. A viscosimeter in the General Electric Co. laboratories registered the fact that at low temperatures it ran slower than any other liquid.

TABLES TURNED!—Ralph Edwards, of radio's rough-and-tumble Truth or Consequences, gets his come-uppance at last. While in Hollywood he was playfully pushed into this mudbox.

SECRET WEAPON—An ordnance captain, member of a group studying strange German weapons, examines one of the oddest—a gun to shoot around corners. Despite special sights, it proved more terrifying than accurate.

PRETTY PICKETS—The perturbed police chief of Decatur, Ill., didn't know what he was starting when he banned shorts in his town. Far, far away, in Hollywood, the so sympathetic starlets went to all the trouble shown above to make him see the error of his ways.

SHOVEL FIGHTER—Pfc. Bernard Hall of Triadelphia, W. Va., 7th A. A. F. man in the Ryukyus, was digging a foxhole when nine Japs surrendered to him. He herded them in with his shovel and then put the count there.

ETO TO TOKYO—Even a Purple Heart can't get you a Pullman, redeployed veterans find. These went by jam-packed coach all the way from Camp Shanks, N.Y., to Fort Lewis, Wash.

Four Months with Each of Us

All parents with grown children will find something of themselves in this moving, intensely human story. All grown-up children who love their parents will find themselves in it too

BY FRANCES W. QUINLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

POP WALLER awoke to the raucous screaming of blue jays, and for a moment his sleep-fuddled mind fooled him into thinking he was back in his own bed in Cedar Bluffs. If the jays were up, it was time he was too, and getting along down to the store. There were a lot of things he ought to do before he opened up—mind the potato bin, straighten the laundry supplies, and there was that new Cheddar to weigh up, too. No, better let Sadie do the cheese when she came in to work at nine; she had a straighter eye.

Thinking of the Widow Higgins brought a grin to Pop's sunken cheeks and he blew them out in a snort of laughter. Salt of the earth, Sadie, in spite of her tendency to want to run things. What he'd have done without her during Emily's illness and the two years since she'd passed away, he didn't know. But argue! Sadie thought a store ought to be run like a house—she'd been plaguing him, all during the five years she'd been clerking for him, to let her put up checked curtains in the show windows to match the blue front of the store!

Still chuckling, Pop opened his eyes and the grin faded. Sadie, his store, were things of the past and Vermont was as far away as heaven. The bed he was in, the house, belonged to his daughter, Lillian, and her husband, Howard. The room was pretty, but there were no memories for him, no feeling of belonging. After three months he felt as out of place as if he were staying at a hotel.

At first he'd thought this feeling of impermanence was because New York was a big city and strange to him, but it was more than that. Lillian's house wasn't right in the city, with huge buildings hemming it in on all sides; it was way out at the edge of town in a little section called Woodlawn Heights.

All in all, Woodlawn Heights wasn't so different from Cedar Bluffs, except for the strange faces and the lack of mountains and never seeing a horse or farm wagon. He'd hoped, when first he caught sight of the little house, that he'd feel more at home here with Lillian and her family than he had with Betty and her husband in Boston, or John and his wife in Washington. But it hadn't worked out that way.

He got out of bed, being careful to turn the covers back just so over the footboard. Sometimes he thought Lillian was too fussy, but he tried to remember—it made her so hopping mad to see the bedding wadded in a bunch. Well, he had only a month to go here, then back he'd go to Betty's again.

"Four months with each of us," the children had decided almost a year ago. "In that way it will be like three vacations a year, papa, and you won't have time to get sick of any of us."

If he'd known then what he knew now, he'd never have allowed them to talk him into letting Sumner Burleigh buy his store, or renting his house to those strange people up from Rutland. But he'd been lonely after their mother died, and he'd been pleased, too, that his children wanted him. But somehow a man just didn't stop to think that living with his children in their homes could be a heap different from having his children living with him in his home.

"Why, the city will make a new man of you, papa!" Lillian insisted, when he said he wouldn't know what to do with himself. "There's so much to do and see, it would take a month of Sundays to think of all the interesting places for you to visit. Now that you're getting along in years you ought to have a good time."

Well, Lillian had been right in one point. There certainly was an awful lot to do and see in the city. The only thing was, when you didn't have anyone to do and see things with, the flavor was missing.

Pop took a long time to dress, as he always did these days. Funny he'd never cared much before that he was on the short plump side and had lost practically all of his thin gray hair. But now that he'd lost his teeth too—it was somehow shocking for a full-grown man to look like a new-born baby, a rather unhappy baby at that.

"Squashy-looking old codger," he muttered, and went out, slamming the door.

"Papa, *please!*" Lillian stood in the bathroom door. "I do wish you'd try to remember—Howard *has* to get his sleep. He worked until four this morning."

"Forgot." Pop's cheeks were pink. "Sorry, Lil."

His daughter caught her lip between her teeth. "I'll be through soon," she said. "And, papa, *please* don't turn on the radio."

POP hesitated, undecided whether to wait or go downstairs. Lillian was in one of her cranky moods this morning—probably take her time getting washed. And then he groaned. This was the day she cleaned!

In a rut from the day she was born, her father mused. Strange how three children in the same family could be so different. Lillian stern and unyielding, forever worrying and never getting fun out of anything. Betty never serious, forgetful, irresponsible, but fun to be with if you could keep her in one place long enough to capture her attention. And John, the youngest, nicely balanced, doing a fine job in Washington in that chemical research laboratory.

If only Lillian didn't nag so. She fretted about Dicky, who was nineteen and in training at Great Lakes Naval Station, and took it out on her husband and Joan, who was Pop's favorite grandchild.

He heard the crash of breaking dishes and hurried downstairs. That would be Joan—the child was so jittery these days. It was a shame—Joan wanting to study designing, her mother bent on turning her into a teacher. It just didn't make sense—not when Joan was a natural-born artist.

He pushed open the swinging door into the kitchen and his granddaughter looked up, her dark eyes startled.

His granddaughter looked up, startled. "Oh, it's you!" She let out a relieved sigh. "I thought—"

"Oh, it's you!" She let out her breath in a relieved sigh. "I thought—"

"She's getting washed." Pop began to pick up the broken pieces. "I'll tell her I dropped 'em," he said, grinning. "My hide's tougher than a 'gator's. Where'll we hide them, baby?"

"As if you could hide anything from mother for very long!" Joan tweaked her grandfather's ear. "You're a pal. But don't you tell mother you broke those cups—she's angry enough at you now for getting those rubber-heel marks all over her precious floors."

Her eyes clouded. "She's so different lately, Pop. It's Dicky, of course, but sometimes I wonder if she knows anyone else is alive—me especially."

Pop blew out his cheeks. "Now don't you start getting foolish notions, honey, your ma's just frazzled out, that's all."

She sighed. "I wish mother would see things my way, Pop. I simply haven't the heart to study these days—not what she wants me to, anyway. Sometimes I think I'll just get a job—any old kind would be better than going on this way."

"I know." Pop wished he could think of something helpful. But money was the only thing that would help Joan, and money was something he didn't have these days—not more than just enough to pay his board.

"You hang on a while longer, honey," he said. "A good all-around education is a pretty nice thing to have. You wouldn't want to run a country store like your gramp, would you?"

"What's the matter with being a storekeeper? At least you were happy, I know you were—until you came— Oh, what's the use! Nothing's right any more!"

POP patted her arm clumsily and the bitterness went out of her face. "Look," she said, running her finger across his chin. "When are you going to see about getting those new teeth? If you don't make an appointment soon, you'll have to wait until you get to Aunt Betty's, and then you'll put it off until you get to Uncle John's, and you'll never get around to it. If it's money, Pop—well, I have that birthday and Christmas money I've been saving for my designing course. You—you're welcome to it."

"Now don't you get to worrying about money, baby," Pop said, embarrassed. "Hate going to a strange dentist, that's all. Get around to it any day now—maybe tomorrow."

"Today!"

He squirmed away from her, but she clung to his arm. "Promise?"

"Oh, all right, all right—if I get around to it. Now you get along or I'll larrup you on the seat of that abbreviated little skirt. You know your gramp can't stand being pushed around!"

Pesky little cricket, he thought affectionately. Well, maybe she was right about those teeth—only thing was they cost so dratted much. Seemed that no sooner he got Sumner's payments on the store and the rent money from his house than it was gone. Money didn't go anywhere in the city.

At least he could pay his own way when he went to visit his children. But sometimes it shocked him to think how much further money could be stretched back home than in the city.

Lillian was making out a list of groceries when he went out to breakfast. Behind her stood an array of mops and brooms and the vacuum cleaner.

"Be glad to push the vac around," Pop offered, softening toast in his coffee. "Did it for your ma plenty of times."

Lillian's eyes were vague. "Vac? Oh, no, I wouldn't think of letting you, papa. Why

don't you take a walk up to the park?"

"Just as soon stay home and help," Pop said. "Need exercise. Or if you've got your list of victuals made out, I'll be glad to—"

"No, you run along and have a nice time. What you need is to get out and see things—you stay around the house too much."

She gave him an absent-minded smile and carried her empty dishes to the sink. Pop got to his feet slowly. He would have liked a second cup of coffee, but it wasn't much fun eating alone and already his daughter was beginning to bustle around.

HE found the morning paper and carried it out to the front porch, wishing Lillian would at least let him do the shopping. Sometimes he got homesick for the smell of a store, but you couldn't hang around a strange place if you weren't buying—not in New York anyway.

Hoisting his feet to the rail, he opened the paper. Might as well wait for the mail. Folks back home had been good about writing, especially Sadie. Just about time for another letter from her. Ought to be a check from Sumner, too.

He'd read the news, run through the obituaries and want ads, and was half-heartedly working on the crossword puzzle when the postman appeared at the end of the block. Pop tossed the paper aside and scrambled to his feet.

There were several letters, among them two for him, and the Cedar Bluffs Independent. Pop's heart beat fast in anticipation as he headed up the hill toward the park.

Sprawled in the shade beneath his favorite maple, he opened Sadie's letter:

"Dear Charlie:

"I suppose by now you've got your new teeth and about time too. The thing is to leave them in even if they kill you, though I don't suppose you will unless someone nags you to it. And before I go any further, Charlie Waller, you put on your glasses!"

Pop's fingers went automatically to his pocket before he remembered that Sadie was a couple of hundred miles away. Drat her anyway, startling him that way! Didn't need glasses more'n a cat needed another tail. Still, it was rather comforting to know that Sadie remembered his ways so well.

"Sumner let me put up curtains in the store window and they look right pretty. With a little fixing the store would look real homey but Sumner isn't one to see to things. I don't know how many times I've warned him about that shelf in the back room, but no, he wouldn't listen. Yesterday it came down and smashed a crate of eggs.

"And that isn't all, Charlie. A slick salesman can talk him into buying any old kind of merchandise—just so's he don't have to pay for it right then. We've had so many complaints I couldn't begin to tell you—weevils in the flour, moldy cookies, rotting potatoes—and Sumner won't make them good. Sometimes I think if women ran things we'd have a more orderly world, but I don't suppose we'll ever get the chance, human nature being what it is."

Pop chuckled and slapped his knee. Sadie hadn't changed a mite. Always wanting to run things. Still, if Sumner had let things get so bad— A storekeeper simply had to keep his customers satisfied or he couldn't hope to stay in business.

He wished suddenly that he could see the blue curtains. Come to think of it, he didn't know why he hadn't let her put them up when he had the store—hadn't been any good reason, only it was sort of fun to have something to argue over.

"Skunks have holed up under my woodshed again and what with the chipmunks and your setter and my cats, I've got quite a menagerie. Don't have time to get lonesome much, but it don't seem right having strangers living in your house.

"And speaking of strangers! Charlie, those people in your house went away again last week-end and left the sitting-room windows open. We had a driving north rain Saturday night and Emily's nice blue settee was almost ruined before I could get over and tend to things. By the time you get set to come home all your things are going to be just so much kindling and don't say I didn't warn you!

"Well, now that you're feeling better, I suppose you'll be seeing all the wonderful things in New York. Before you come home I wish you'd go to one of them honest-to-goodness night-club places so you can tell me all about—"

The letter trembled in Pop's suddenly unsteady hand. Sadie wrote as if he'd just gone away on a vacation—wanting him to see everything so he could tell her when he got home. It had been the same when he'd been in Boston and Washington. She'd wanted to know about Boston Common, Plymouth Rock, the Capitol, and the Pentagon. She'd be madder'n a wet hen when she found out he hadn't seen a one of those places or even got his teeth.

The news about his house troubled him.

Memories came crowding back—the big potbellied stove at the store, warm and homey on a cold winter afternoon. Neighbors dropping in for a chat, Friday-night cribbage game with the boys back of the barber shop. And at night, even when he'd been loneliest right after Emily'd gone, he could always look across the side lawn and see Sadie's house, neat and comfortable and friendly, just as Sadie herself was.

"I don't like to worry you, Charlie, but Sumner isn't going to send this month's payment either. He wrote you a long whining letter about it this morning, but don't you believe anything he says. There isn't a thing the matter with this store that a little honest work and gumption wouldn't fix in no time.

"Take care of yourself and have a good time while you're at it. Everyone wants to be remembered to Charlie, and folks keep asking when you're coming home. Hope Lillian has decided to let Joan take that designing course. Love to all,

"As ever, your old friend,

"SADIE."

Pop's eyes were misted as he finished the letter. So folks back home still asked for him. He opened Sumner's letter, glanced through it. There was no check and the letter was nothing but one long whine, as Sadie'd said. Well, tonight he'd write and tell Sumner he'd have to pay up or else. It wasn't going to be easy to tell Lillian he didn't have all his board money.

He put the letters carefully away in his pocket. Then, opening the Cedar Bluffs Independent, he began slowly, so as not to miss a single word, to read the best paper in the world.

TWO weeks had crawled by since he'd heard from Sadie, and Pop wasn't feeling so well. It wasn't anything he could put his finger on but just a general misery. Joan was still scolding because he hadn't been to see the dentist, and Lillian said he didn't get out and around enough.

"Just as soon as things quiet down again I'll take time off and we'll see some sights," she promised. "I'm sorry, papa. Maybe next time you come to visit—"

But Pop knew it wasn't seeing the sights or getting new teeth that would cure him. There wasn't anything he needed but to go home and have someone say, "Hi, Pop," or "Hello, Charlie, glad you're back." And to get behind the counter of his store.

The way the days dragged, the way he frittered away his time, he'd be an old man before he knew it. Good honest work never hurt anyone, and it wasn't as if he were old and tottery—sixty-five was pretty young these days. Maybe that was what was the matter with him.

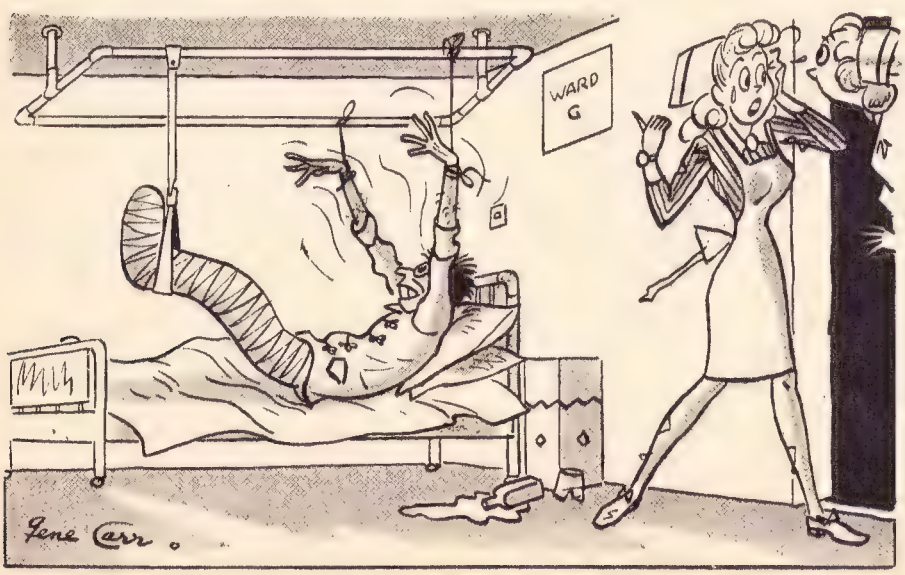
"Guess I'll mosey downtown tomorrow and see does anyone want to give Charlie Waller a job," he told Lillian and Howard at lunch one day. "Sat around long enough twiddling my thumbs."

"Now, papa, don't start being difficult again," Lillian said sharply. "Why, at your age, I should think you'd be glad to rest and have a good time. Besides, you'll be going up to stay with Betty in a couple of weeks. You just need a change, that's all."

"What Pop Waller needs is a little man-fun," Howard said. "How about a ball game Sunday, Pop—double-header?"

"Suits me," Pop said. "Suits me to a T, Howard—if you're sure you've got time." But inwardly he was beginning to get riled. Not that he wouldn't like to see a game, but the way they treated him you'd think he was going on ninety and senile at that. Holding out the game as if it were

(*Continued on page 46*)



"The hand arrangement was my own idea!"

A MOMENT OF TIME

BY SYDNEY R. McLEAN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. EMMERTON HEITLAND

This is a poignant story of life in old-time New England in terms of the mind and heart of one high-spirited woman. Its deep integrity and emotional power mark Miss McLean as one of the most important of our new novelists.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE two women sat together before the fire for a while, Submit stroking the wool scarf lovingly with her slender fingers.

Then Freelove said hesitantly, "Submit, I have something for you, if you'll take it."

Submit, gazing into the fire, murmured, "Something for me, Freelove?" They both spoke in whispers, so the baby in his cradle would not wake.

"I've been writing a verse to put on Jeanie's marker, Submit."

"Her marker, Freelove? But we can't afford anything like that, Isaac and me. She'll just be—she'll just lie beside the baby. The baby that didn't live. We can't afford a marker for Jeanie."

"But, Submit—" Freelove paused. She was leaning forward eagerly, her hands clasped between her knees. Her brown hair was growing gray above her temples, Submit noticed impersonally, and her thin face was drawn with fatigue. I must be kind to her, thought Submit; she has never had a child; she has never borne and lost. And she has so much wasted love in her heart. I must be kind to her.

"What is it, Freelove?" she asked gently, and smiled into the gray eyes.

"When Dr. Allen came for me," Freelove said, very low, "father said I must certainly come. And he said, 'If she dies, the little girl, she's got to have a marker.' He's very fond of you and Isaac. Sometimes I think he must have loved Isaac's grandfather best of all his sons. They never got along. Maybe that's why my father loved him."

Submit stared thoughtfully into the fire, and then she

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said, so low that Freelove could hardly hear her, "He frightened my Jeanie with all his talk of hell-fire."

"Ah, Submit, I know. He used to frighten me too. But he's an old, old man, Submit. Forgive him."

"She was afraid—" began Submit, and did not go on. Not to anyone could she talk of those last terrible moments before Jeanie died. "I forgive him," she said. "He's an old, old man."

"Yes," said Freelove. "He's always been old to me. He was fifty, you know, when I was born." She said nothing for a few seconds, and then, "Will you let him get you the marker for Jeanie, Submit?"

Submit nodded. "Yes, I will, Freelove. I want a marker for her. It's good of him. I'll thank him."

"And my verse, Submit—"

"Yes, your verse, Freelove. That's good of you too Read it to me, will you?"

Freelove stooped down and picked up her paper from the floor where she had dropped it. She held it close to

the firelight and read aloud, her voice barely more than a whisper.

> "Rest, little Jeanie, here under the sod.
> Rest, little Jeanie, at peace with thy God,
> Bright angels guard thee in heaven above,
> Thou seven years' darling, asleep in God's love."

She waited a moment, and when Submit made no comment said anxiously, "It's not right, I know. I couldn't get what I wanted. I've written so many—so many. And I wanted a special one for Jeanie—for you, Submit." She spoke very fast, her eyes cast down. "I've never been able to say it before, Submit. Maybe I never can again. You see, you're the best friend I've ever had. I've always been lonely. My father—he wanted me to stay at home." Her sentences came jerkily, and the slow tears welled into her eyes. "When you came with Isaac, you with your beautiful hair and your beautiful voice and your beautiful smile—I could talk to you, Submit. At home it's always father, you see. Sarah's all right, but she's stupid—she's kind and stupid. And you've had so much, and I've never had anything. But I don't mind. I want you to have everything. So now, you see, I feel as if I'd lost Jeanie too."

She fell silent, and Submit put out her hand and let it rest on Freelove's knee. "Thank you," she said, "and thank you for the verse, Freelove. We'll have it carved on the marker for Jeanie."

AFTER a moment Freelove said, "I want to tell you something, Submit, but I shouldn't tell you now."

"What is it, Freelove? Tell me."

Freelove's face lighted up with an unusual joy. "I was happy yesterday," she said, "until Dr. Allen came. I had a letter when the stage came through the day before, and I wanted to come up and tell you. You know my book, the one that was printed down in Greenfield?"

Yes, Submit knew it. A copy of it stood on the shelf, in the corner by the clock, in an honored place with the Bible and the books her father had had on his secretary in Shoreham when she was a little girl. Freelove had read it to her three years ago when it was published: *A Discourse on The Man Who Hid His Talents in the Vineyard, with Certain Observations Appropriate to Our Time.* It was a thin little paper pamphlet, and it bore the name Freelove Whitney on the front.

"The man who printed it has been writing to me, Submit." There was excitement in Freelove's voice. "We've been writing letters for three whole years now. I've never told anyone. I—I couldn't even bear to tell you. I was afraid—I was afraid." Her voice trembled and she went on. "He wrote me first because he liked my book. He wanted me to write more. His name's Henry Fuller. He's been everywhere—everywhere. He's a printer. And now he's decided to go west, to York State. He's bought land out there, and he's going to start a newspaper. And on his way, when the roads are clear, he's—he's coming to see me. Submit—oh, Submit—"

Submit smiled. "I'm glad," she said. "And you will write more, won't you, Freelove?"

"Perhaps I will, perhaps I will."

A log fell from the fire, and Freelove rose to put it back. Submit looked at her wonderingly. Ah, poor Freelove, she thought, poor woman, so barren in her life that she had to borrow living from others. She must accept the verse for Jeanie's marker, and there the words would stand forever—forever—forever. How did it go? She leaned her head back against the chair and closed her eyes; she was tired of talking and wanted to retire into the privacy of her own grief, where no one else could intrude. How did the words go? She heard the echo of Freelove's voice in her ears: "Thou seven years' darling, asleep in God's love." She moved her head restlessly. Why was there nothing in graveyards but resignation? Why was there no room for despair? Somewhere in her own mind words began to stir, and with their motion she raised her hands to her breast, clasping the tartan scarf to her. She shuddered with the memory of Jeanie's dying, and a convulsion of sorrow racked her body. The wheels of her mind moved slowly, and very slowly she heard words burn into her brain; Hugging my bitterness close to me—hugging my bitterness close to me. But nothing else followed, and so she sat there pretending to sleep, while hard tears squeezed through her eyelids.

THE month of March provided no flowers, so Submit and her family had to go empty-handed down the hill to church on the first Sunday after the new marker had been erected over Jeanie's grave. There was no time for a pilgrimage before the service; there was only time to leave Eben in the Elder's house across the road, where he would be safe and happy, since either Sarah or Freelove always stayed at home to pray with the old man by the hearthside while his son, Elder Caleb, preached in the meetinghouse.

This morning neither Sarah nor Freelove was going, and Elder Ebenezer was in bed. His quavering voice rose shrilly from his room as Submit, with her baby in her arms, came in. "I'm sick," he was saying, and Submit paused uncertainly in the parlor. "I need ye both here, I do. My own wife and my daughter—I need ye both. You bide here with me this mornin', and we'll pray together. I'm cold. Freelove, you fetch me a hot brick. I'm cold. I'm an old man, and I'm cold."

Freelove came into the parlor and saw Submit standing there. She went to her and took the baby into her arms. "He's too heavy for you to hold, Submit," she said. "You oughtn't to, my dear."

"He's not heavy, really he isn't," Submit protested. "But, Freelove, should I leave him? Your father—he's sick—I heard him."

Freelove laughed shortly, but lowered her voice. "Sick!" she said, almost scornfully. "He's no more sick than I am. He's stronger than all of us put together. You know what's the matter with him?"

Submit shook her head. "What?" she said.

"Mr. Fuller came yesterday from Greenfield. He's staying at the tavern, but he came to see me last evening.

Oh, Submit, we talked and talked. I've never met anyone like him. He knows everything. He's been everywhere—to New York and Philadelphia and Boston. And he talked to me—to *me*, Submit. He wasn't interested in father. So this morning I can't go to church. He'll be there. You'll see him. He's tall and—"

The old man's hoarse voice rose querulously from his bedroom. "Who's there, Freelove? I want my hot brick. Who's out there with ye?"

"You go," said Freelove to Submit. "Go right away. Meeting'll begin soon. I'll take care of Eben. Don't you fret." She turned her head toward the bedroom door. "I'm coming, father."

She motioned vigorously to Submit, and after a moment Submit left.

There was a stranger in the meetinghouse. From where she sat with Isaac and James and the girls, she could see him, in the pew with the tavernkeeper's family. She looked at him surreptitiously—a tall man with hair that could be either yellow or just growing gray. Once, during the sermon, he turned and gazed directly at her, and she saw a glance as of recognition in his eyes. She flushed and looked away.

This morning she could hardly wait for the end of the service. Perfunctorily Submit joined in hymn and in prayer, but she did not feel God's presence and there was no music in her heart. Here in this small chill meetinghouse, surrounded by her loved ones and her friends, she was alone, with a terrible solitude of soul. She pressed her hands hard together in her lap, and her body bent forward in impatience for the service to end. She must visit Jeanie's grave.

Afterward, when they were released at last, she could hardly make herself speak to anyone, could hardly respond to Elder Caleb's gentle "Grace be unto you, my daughter." She could barely answer Melinda Sprague's greeting—Melinda's child had lived. She could not linger in front of the church, and when Isaac stopped to exchange farm news with some of his cousins she murmured impatiently in his ear, "I'm going to the graveyard." He followed her at once, and with the girls and James trailing them they came to Jeanie's resting place.

Submit saw no one; she saw nothing but the new marker.

She knelt in the snow and touched it lovingly, fingering the letters that made Jeanie's name—Jean MacIntyre Huntington. She looked up at Dorcas and Mary, who stood abashed and shy, their hands twined together in misery.

"Read it," she commanded. "Read what it says. All of it. So you'll remember your sister. Read it out loud."

Isaac frowned and put his arm around James' shoulder. But he said nothing, and the two little girls obeyed.

" 'Jean MacIntyre Huntington,' " they read together slowly, with Mary's soft voice almost inaudible beside Dorcas'. " 'Born August 9, 1793. Died January 21, 1800.' " They hesitated a moment, and Submit said fiercely, "The verse too. The verse your Aunt Freelove wrote for your sister."

They went on, their young voices jingling with the meter.

There was a long pause, and then Mary sobbed. Submit's throat was tight, but she could not weep. She knelt there, caressing the letters with her fingers, till Isaac said, "Come, Submit, you mustn't catch cold." He stooped and raised her to her feet and led her toward the gate, the girls and James walking hand in hand behind them.

THE stranger, Henry Fuller, stood outside the gate in the roadway, and when they approached he stepped toward them.

"Mrs. Huntington?" he said. His face was very serious but his blue-green eyes were alive and eager. He had a deep pleasant voice, and his lips, although they did not smile now, looked as if they could very easily indeed. He was tall and rather heavily built, and the cape of his greatcoat made his wide shoulders even wider.

Submit, her hand on Isaac's arm, said, "Yes, I'm Mrs. Huntington. Freelove told me you were here."

He smiled slightly. "I came yesterday. It seems I may not see her again today. She has told me of you, and"—he smiled at Isaac—"of you, Mr. Huntington. I am Henry Fuller, sir. I was wondering—I am a stranger here, and I must stay until I see Miss Whitney again. And I may not see her today. Mrs. Huntington, may I call on you this afternoon?"

Submit hesitated, and Isaac said suddenly, "Come with us now. We're going home to dinner and would be honored by your company since you are a friend of Miss Whitney's."

Submit glanced sidewise at her husband, surprised and pleased at the formality of his manner. He looked very handsome, standing there in his best greatcoat, old-fashioned now but saved from long-ago days in the city, when he was young. No matter how hard he worked at his farming, no matter how tired he was, he always dressed neatly for Sunday and insisted that James should do the same. Knowing that her hair was not smooth and shining because the brush was heavy in her hand these days, realizing that her black coat was wrinkled, she had a vague feeling of shame.

"Do come," she murmured. "Isaac, wait here with Mr. Fuller. I'll fetch Eben."

She sped across the road as fast as the weight of her awkward body would allow, and found Freelove sitting on the kitchen floor with Eben in her lap.

She looked up as Submit came in, and Eben raised his arms, with a small crow of delight, to be taken by his mother.

"Did you see him?" she asked instantly.

Submit nodded. "Yes. He introduced himself. Isaac asked him home to dinner with us."

Freelove's eyes opened in amazement. "Oh!" she breathed. Some of the brightness vanished from her face, and her thin shoulders sagged. "He came this morning," she said, "and I told him I couldn't see him today. Father—father—"

"We'll take care of him, Freelove. He's staying to see you again. He told me so."

"That's what he said to me. But father—" She sat

limp on the floor with her hands flaccid on her lap. Submit bent clumsily down and kissed her.

"You'll see him again," she said. "I promise you that, Freelove."

Freelove rose and clung for a moment to the younger woman. She put her mouth close to Submit's ear and whispered, "Submit—he's said nothing— We talked last night of books—of mine. He wants me to write something else. He thinks I'm like the man I wrote about—the one who hid his talents in the vineyard. This is my vineyard, he says, and I've worked long enough in it. He's going out west to York State and start a newspaper and printing office. He's going west. Submit, he said nothing else—nothing else—" She was half crying; she was a girl again, this woman in her middle forties.

"He's younger than you, Freelove," said Submit.

"Yes, he's younger—not much, I'm sure. He was married once when he was twenty, and she lived only two

years after. That was in Boston, when he worked in a printing shop there. They had no children—he's been alone ever since. He's been everywhere, Submit—he knows so much."

The baby squirmed in Submit's arms and began to whimper a little. With the sound Sarah came in the room and said, "Oh, it's you, Submit. He wondered who was here."

"I came for the baby, Sarah. I hope he's better. Tell him I saw Jeanie's marker, will you?"

"You'd better tell him yourself," said Sarah shortly. She was kind, as Freelove said, but five years of marriage to the demanding old man were beginning to show on her temper. Submit, like others, had often wondered why Sarah Browne had married him, but she had been growing old and her schoolteaching days were ending, and she had nowhere to go. Elder Whitney's house had been her only refuge.

"I can't stop to see him now," said Submit. "Isaac's waiting. He'll want his dinner. I'll try to come down this week, Sarah."

Sarah looked at her speculatively. "Your time's coming," she observed. "Don't do too much. Freelove, your pa wants his dinner."

Freelove said, "Yes, Sarah. In a little while. Submit—" She stopped, and Submit nodded understandingly.

"It'll be all right," she said.

As she left the house, with Eben in her arms, for the first time since Jeanie's death the leadenness in her breast had a little eased its pressure.

NOW and again, on the trip up the hillside, the two men had to leave the sleigh and walk to lighten the burden for the mare, while Dorcas held the reins. Proudly Isaac pointed out the fence where their land began, and when they came to their house at last, he gave a great shout for Peter to come out and take the sleigh.

Mr. Fuller stood in the dooryard and gazed around him. "Who wants to live in the city," he demanded, "when we can have this—the hills and the sky? You should go west, Mr. Huntington. There's land out there for the asking—more land than in Massachusetts."

Isaac went to stand beside him, and Submit, going into the house with Eben and the girls, turned to hear what he would say. "No," he said deliberately. "I came far enough for this, Mr. Fuller. I came from the city, and this has been my home for fourteen years and more. Here I live and here I die."

Submit saw Mr. Fuller nod thoughtfully, and heard him say in his deep voice, "If you've found your home, stay there. But I have no home. I'm still seeking, Mr. Huntington." There was loneliness in his voice; Submit recognized its sound.

He stayed all afternoon. He enjoyed the good cold dinner, and James and the girls listened avidly to his stories. He told them about Boston and New York, and when he mentioned Philadelphia—why, he knew where father's mother's bakery shop had been, and the children's mouths fell open to hear them talk of Front Street and the tall-masted schooners that sailed back and forth between the Philadelphia docks and strange ports overseas. Mr. Fuller had been a printer on Dr. Benjamin Franklin's Post, and he had seen President Washington once. Submit listened silently. How rich a life he had led! But she knew that he had not had enough; she knew that he was lonely.

When the mantel clock struck four, he began to talk of going, and Isaac said heartily, "Can't hear of it! You'd never find your way, Fuller. You wait till we've milked the cows, James and me. We'll walk down with you. That all right, son?"

James nodded eagerly. He loved the talk he had heard this afternoon, and the little girls nodded too.

But when James and Isaac and Peter vanished to the barn and the girls hovered close to this fascinating stranger, he muttered to Submit, "I want to talk to you, Mrs. Huntington." He gestured toward Dorcas and Mary, and Submit said quickly, "Girls, learn your Psalm in your room today. Wrap up well—it's cold."

Mary looked sad and Dorcas pouted, but they went as they were told, and after they had left, Submit and Mr. Fuller were free to talk.

They sat together by the fire, and Submit folded her idle hands in her lap. She had brushed her hair until it shone, and she wore a loose dress the color of her eyes. For a moment the two said nothing, content to absorb the silence of the small room. Then Mr. Fuller spoke.

"Do you think," he said, "she will go with me?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know at all." She hesitated a second and then added, "Her father—"

"Her father!" he exclaimed. "I've never seen anyone like him before. But he can't stop her, can he? He can't possibly, Mrs. Huntington!"

He was bending toward her in his eagerness and she looked into his eyes.

"I don't know," she said, her voice uncertain.

"But she must come with me," he said, "she must. For two years now, ever since I read her book and set it in type with my own hands, I have had an image of her in my mind. And now that I've seen her, it's as if that image had come to life. She's not beautiful: I know that, and she's not young. But—it's hard to explain, even to you, Mrs. Huntington." He paused and she knew that he was staring at her, although she kept her eyes lowered to her hands. "Even to you," he went on oddly. "She has written to me of you, you see, and I feel as if I had known you for a long time."

"She did not speak to me of you," she said, "until—until the night my daughter died." Her hands trembled but her voice was steady and she did not weep.

"She wrote me of that too," he said gently. "I think it was when I had that letter from her I really knew I loved her. She was heartbroken for you, Submit. May I call you that?" he asked gravely.

She nodded. "Yes," she said.

"She is a fine woman," he said, "and she has been very lonely. I could tell that from her letters." He gazed around the small kitchen wonderingly, and then motioned out of the window toward the hills. "To think that far away in the country there should be such a woman! Why, when her book first came to my printing office, I could hardly believe it! You have it here?"

"Up there," she said. "On the shelf."

He rose and walked across the room and put his hand up to the shelf she indicated and then cried out in excitement, "These books! Whose are they? The Iliad, Piers Plowman, The Aeneid, Shakespeare. Are they yours, Submit?"

"They were my father's," she said. "He brought them from London, and I brought them here from my home in Connecticut when I married Isaac."

HE TOOK one from the shelf and came to sit down beside her again. "These are the true poets," he said. He riffled through the pages swiftly and found what he looked for. "This is real," he said. "Listen." He began to read, his low voice very beautiful, she thought:

> "To be, or not to be: that is the question:
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:
> No more; and by a sleep to say we end
> The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
> To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause. There's the respect
> That makes calamity of so long life;
> For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
> When he himself might his quietus make
> With a bare bodkin?"

His full voice sank almost to a whisper and for a moment he stumbled over the words. She looked at him and saw that his face was strained. He closed the book

and rose to return it to the shelf, and when he came back to his chair he sat for a while in silence.

"Will she go with me?" he said again. "I need her. I —I have been unhappy, Submit. My first wife was hardly more than a child, and she did not live long. I have lived in many places, but—I have been unhappy. In York State we could be together, Freelove and I, and I think neither of us would be unhappy any longer. Will she go with me, do you think?"

The great words he had read to her filled her mind, stirring her to a profound sorrow and a high ecstasy. She brought her attention to him again with difficulty. "She'll go," she said. "She'll go."

"The old man—" he said.

"I'll manage him," she said confidently. She had no slightest idea how; all she knew was that Henry Fuller must go to York State and Freelove with him. "I'll manage him," she repeated.

"I believe you will," he said. "Submit, do you know

you are beautiful?" He spoke very simply, but she shook her head.

"Don't," she whispered. "Don't."

He smiled. "A woman has a right to know," he said. "How old are you, Submit? Do you mind telling?"

"No," she said, "I don't mind. I'm thirty-one."

"Thirty-one," he said. "High noon of a woman's life. I wish I could know you better, Submit. You have been very kind to me."

She moved her head slowly from side to side in negation, feeling she could bear no more. Then she heard Isaac and James talking outside and got heavily to her feet.

"Isaac's coming," she said. "It's time for you to go now." She tried to say his name and could manage neither Henry nor Mr. Fuller, for neither one seemed right. "It grows dark early in the woods," she said.

He rose too, not looking at her, and when Isaac and James entered he was ready. Then shortly the three were off, starting on their way through the dusk down the long hillside, James holding the lantern so they could see the way.

I must be alone, thought Submit distractedly. Dorcas and Mary, released from their room to bid good-by to Mr. Fuller, were anxious to talk, but she left them, left the baby, too, in his cradle, and went to her room and closed the door behind her.

She paced the floor in an abandonment of feeling. "Oh, God," she said. "Oh, God." There was an old dim mirror hanging on the wall, and she lighted a candle to hold it high and stared into the reflection of her face. Her eyes were full of stars, and her hair picked up brightness from the small wavering flame. Then she blew out the candle and went to lie upon the bed.

Outside the window the snowy slope of the hill rose upward. She folded her hands upon her breast and tried to lie quietly. As she had crossed Jeanie's hands after Jeanie died and as Jeanie had lain in death. Tears sprang suddenly to her eyes, and she began to whisper those burning words that had come to her on the night of Jeanie's death, while she and Freelove sat by the fireside.

"Hugging my bitterness close to me—hugging my bitterness close to me." She said them, and then was silent, her brain working actively and with a hard intensity.

After a long while, when the strangeness had passed, she whispered all the words just above her breath.

"Hugging my bitterness close to me,
I live my endless round of days.
The moon and the stars I cannot see—
I cannot sing to my Lord in praise.

"I can hear naught but her well-loved voice
Speaking to me in the lonely night.
Lord, Thou hast made me a bitter choice,
Lord, Thou hast taken away the light.

"Give her peace where she dwells above—
She is the brightest angel there.
Embrace her close in Thy boundless love.
Lord, she is little and young and fair."

Lying there in the fast-growing dark, Submit Huntington smiled to herself. "God keep her safe," she said, and the words were the first prayer she had made since the night of Jeanie's death. There was a slow warm content within her, and she touched her body where the child lay waiting for its birth. Then she flung her arm across Isaac's pillow and fell asleep.

THERE was no one in sight early the next afternoon when she drove Bessie into Elder Whitney's dooryard and fastened the mare, carefully blanketed, to a tree.

She found Sarah and Mr. Fuller in the parlor, and when she came in, Sarah sprang to her feet.

"Submit!" she cried. "I'm so glad—so glad to see you. It's been dreadful here." Sarah was quite unlike herself, animated and flushed.

"What's happened, Sarah?" Beyond a brief smile of greeting, Submit hardly glanced at Mr. Fuller, and he went to the fire and stood there, his back to the two women.

"Oh, Submit, it was terrible!" Why, Sarah was half crying, and Submit patted her reassuringly on the shoulder, murmuring, "Hush, Sarah, hush," as one would to a child.

She looked toward the man. "What's happened?" she asked.

He faced her. "I told you yesterday what I wanted," he said. "This afternoon I asked Elder Whitney for the honor of his daughter's hand in marriage. He refused." He nodded at Sarah. "Mrs. Whitney will tell you what he said."

"What happened?" Submit asked again, and Sarah began to cry, her kitchen apron at her eyes.

"Dear God!" she sobbed. "Dear God! I can't tell you."

Submit shook her by the shoulders, trying to force her to calmness. "Yes, you can," she said. "Tell me, Sarah."

"He cursed her," Sarah said. "He said she didn't care for her own father, and she'd go straight to hell when she died. He was furious, Submit—he was wild."

To her own surprise, Submit laughed; she felt strangely exhilarated. She knew now what she was going to say to the old man. She leaned over and kissed Sarah lightly on the cheek. "Don't fret," she said gently. "Everything will be all right. You'll see, Sarah."

Mr. Fuller stared at her, and Sarah's eyes widened. "You don't know what he was like," she said hopelessly.

"I have some idea." Submit's voice was hard. Then, "Mr. Fuller," she said, "I think you had better go."

He bowed. "I shall be at the tavern," he said.

When he had gone, Submit said, "Where is Freelove, Sarah?"

"In her room. Oh, Submit, it was terrible. You don't know—you don't know."

Submit smiled. "Don't fret," she said as she had said before. She put her hands on Sarah's shoulders and looked straight at her. "Sarah, do you want her to go?"

Sarah said, "Yes," and drew a long sigh.

"It'll be lonely for you here."

Sarah nodded her head slowly. "I know. But I knew what I was doing when I married. And it can't—" She halted herself abruptly, her lips tight and her face red.

"It can't be very long," Submit completed the sentence serenely. "No, it can't. Have patience, Sarah." She felt an unusual tenderness toward this weary woman, and kissed her again. "Have patience," she repeated.

Freelove was in her room, lying on her bed, and she was weeping the lost, miserable tears that should have been shed in her vanished girlhood, her thin angular body curved in anguish. When Submit sat down on the bed beside her, she stretched up her arms to the younger woman and for a moment they stayed close embraced in silence. After Freelove's sobs had quieted down, Submit said, "Do you really care for him, Freelove?"

Freelove broke into fresh sobbing. "Oh, I do, I do," she said. "These years when we've been writing to each other—I always hoped he would come—I always imagined what he'd look like—what he'd be like. And he's just what I thought he would be, tall and reliable and kind. He's my husband, Submit. In my heart, in my mind, in my soul, he's my husband." She could speak no further for her weeping, and Submit sat quiet, her slim fingers, calloused from hard work, stroking Freelove's forehead until the sobs died down and Freelove began to talk again, her voice low and monotonous. "Father's an old, old man," she said, "and he's had three wives. Wouldn't you think he'd remember, Submit, wouldn't you think he'd understand? *Why* does he want to keep me here? He's got Sarah. It's not as if he were poor. He isn't. He's got plenty. Submit, he said if I went I'd never get a cent of his money. He'd disown me. As if I care!"

SUBMIT asked quickly, "Did Mr. Fuller mind when he said that, Freelove?"

"No, no. He said it didn't matter."

Submit smiled, "You're going, my dear. You must go."

Freelove moved her head restlessly on the pillow. "I can't go. I can't. *He* won't let me."

"My dear, you're forty-four years old."

"Forty-four. Forty-four." Her voice was very bitter. "And barren, Submit. No love in my life at all. I told you of that boy I sent away, didn't I?" Submit shook her head; Freelove had never told her, but she had heard rumors. "Well, I was only seventeen then. I didn't love him. I just wanted to be loved. I know that now. Because, you see, I do love Henry. I was falling in love with him before I ever saw him, while we were writing to each other. And now that I've met him, *I know.*" She paused and then went on, still in that same exhausted monotone: "And what am I here? My father's daughter. The men around here have always been afraid of me because I am his daughter, and because they think I'm a learned woman. I read books—I've even written one. I write verses for graveyard markers. Oh, they're all quick enough to come to me when someone's died. But no one—no one, Submit—has asked me to marry him since Jeremiah went away, until Henry came. Isn't that sad, Submit—isn't it?"

Submit looked down at her friend with pity in her heart.

Freelove's hair was disordered and her dress crumpled. She looked old and thin and tired.

"No," said Submit gravely, "that's not sad, Freelove—it needn't be. For you have love now, and you must take it."

Tears welled into Freelove's eyes and ran down her cheeks. "I can't," she whispered. "I can't go without his consent. It's not in me, Submit. Don't ask me why—I don't know. I don't care about being disowned—that's not it. But his curse would haunt my dreams. And he'd curse me. He said he would. And he's a man of his word." She laughed feebly. "Isn't it foolish, Submit? But I can't go without his consent. Isn't it foolish?"

Submit stood up suddenly. "No," she said. "I think I understand." She leaned down to draw the patchwork quilt at the foot of Freelove's bed over her. "I must go now," she said. "I wish you'd try to sleep, my dear."

Freelove was all at once drowsy with that strange lassitude of spirit which follows weeping and sorrow. "I think I will," she murmured.

Submit gave Freelove's shoulder a fond little pat such as she would give to one of her own children. She felt old and very wise—very much older than Freelove and infinitely wiser. Then she crept silently from the room.

Sarah, thank God, was not in the Elder's bedroom. His door was open, and he lay in bed, propped upright against the pillows, and he was staring straight in front of him. He did not see her at first, and, briefly, her heart stirred into a kind of pity and comprehension of his great age and his fear. She had a revelation as she stood there, unseen, watching him. He was afraid, that was it, she thought. He was old and afraid, and he did not want to be alone, with no one of his own blood in the house.

She went in his room and stood silently at the foot of his bed. "Great-Grandsir," she said softly. So many around the hills called him that. "Great-Grandsir," she repeated, and he looked up. His bony scarred hands were folded on the quilt; and his eyes were sunk far down into their sockets.

"Eh?" he said, and roused himself to contemplate her. "So it's you, Submit. Well, come to thank me for the marker? Sarah said ye'd be here afore long."

"I've come to thank you for that, Great-Grandsir," she said steadily, "and to say something else. It was a generous thought, that marker, and Isaac and I—we appreciate it, and thank you very deeply, from our souls, we do. But I have sometimes thought," she added, her voice very low, "that I should not have taken it."

"Eh?" he said. "What's this? Why should ye not?"

"I think," she said, gripping the footboard of the bed to make herself stand straight, "I think I should have cursed you instead, Great-Grandsir."

He made a vast effort and raised himself from the pillows to sit bolt upright. His thin mouth began to fall into those hard lines which all of his tribe had learned to recognize. "What's this?" he said. "What do ye mean? Speak out, girl."

"I mean to," she said. She spoke very slowly, her voice cold and level. "For fourteen years I've been here in this country," she went on, "and for fourteen years I've known you and heard your talk. I've liked you, I've been fond of you. I've respected what you've done here. This was wilderness when you came, and you've made it into land people can live in. You're the oldest man I've ever known, Great-Grandsir, and one of the strongest. But you're hard too. I had a grandfather once, when I was a little girl—like my Jeanie. He was strong too. He'd been a soldier when he was a young man in Scotland. He'd fought against the King. You know what that means, Great-Grandsir. But you didn't fight with guns—you fought with a paper, sent over the sea. My grandfather was an old man too. Oh, not so old as you are, not nearly. He should have been strong and well, but he died too soon because he'd fought against the King and suffered."

NOW she was speaking rapidly; she could not talk fast enough to please herself. And the old man was listening, his faded eyes boring into her face.

"I remember my grandfather," she went on. "I—I have even dreamed of him. I've heard his voice in my dreams. The night my Jeanie died I heard it. It was a kind, deep voice, and he used to sing to me in it. He never frightened me as you frightened my Jeanie, and have frightened other children with your talk of hell-fire."

He moved against the pillow, but she gave him no chance to speak.

"I have not finished," she said. Her hands were gripping the rail of the bed so hard that whiteness spread around their knuckles, and her eyes were blazing at him. "She died in terror," she said. "I have told no one that, and you are not to either." Her voice commanded, and so did her eyes. "No one around here talks of hell-fire but you," she said. "Elder Caleb is kind and good and wise. He does not. What kind of wisdom is that," she questioned scornfully, "to frighten babies with hell-fire? That last night of the old year you frightened my Jeanie. But that wasn't the only time. You've done it before—you've always done it. Elder Whitney," she demanded, "why do you do it? You say that children should not be baptized till they reach the age of understanding, and

then, before they can understand, you frighten them. It doesn't make sense. You frightened my Jeanie, and I let you pay for her marker. Oh, God!" She drew her breath in sharply. "I should curse you instead."

She was trembling all over, and she realized she had to stop. Her child—she must remember her child.

For a few moments neither of them made any sound. She could hear Sarah moving about in the kitchen, and she knew, by the light in the room, that the March afternoon was slowly, almost imperceptibly, beginning to darken. She must hurry—hurry. Mary would be out of school soon, and she must be there for her. Mary would have to drive home; she was getting very tired. Her child—her child—

The old man gave her a long searching look. "What do you want?" he asked shrewdly.

She answered him directly, with no pretense: "Give Freelove your consent to marry," she said.

"I'm like to die if she leaves me," he said.

"Maybe you will," she said. "Maybe you will. Though I don't see why."

Again he looked at her, and then his thin chest rose in a feeble sigh. "Ah, well," he said. "She should 'a' gone without me tellin' her she could. Your husband's grandpa did. Come here, girl."

Very reluctantly she went to the side of his bed, and

he put out his shriveled hand and took hers in it. "I like spunk," he said. "Took spunk to fight Injuns." Suddenly he chuckled, and she drew her hand away in petulance. He pulled it back and held it for a moment between his own. "She'll go," he promised.

"With your blessing?" she inquired ruthlessly.

He chuckled again. "With my blessin'. Tomorrow, if she's a mind to. Send her in to me."

She felt very weak and a little afraid. This was a terrible thing she had done. She had never spoken like this before to any human being. She wanted, somehow, to ask his forgiveness, and knew she must not. She was silent in the relief she felt, and her shoulders sagged a little.

"Bring the child to me when it's born," he said. "When is it comin'?"

"May," she whispered. "The end of May. Two months off, Great-Grandsir."

"Bring it to me," he repeated. "I'll be here, my girl."

On a quick irrepressible impulse she stooped and kissed him on the forehead, and he held her face between his dry hands and returned the kiss. "I vow," he said, "I'd admired to've had a daughter like you, Submit Huntington. Or a wife—better yet, a wife."

At the door she turned and said, "I'll send Freelove. Good-by, Great-Grandsir. I'll be back in June, with my child."

She got out of the room, head up and shoulders erect. But when she came to the foot of the stairs leading to Freelove's small bedroom on the second floor, she found that she could walk no farther without resting. She sat down heavily on the lowest step and, leaning her head against the wall, began to weep, silently, with exhaustion.

BEHIND the house the land sloped gradually upward, and here, under a maple with the sun filtering through its full green leaves, Submit sat on a Saturday afternoon in June. Freelove, her baby, her darling, three weeks old tomorrow, slept peacefully on a quilt at her feet, and Eben, who was at the early walking stage, tottered adventurously away now and again, and then cautiously back to his mother's knee. Submit looked down wonderingly at her baby. Was this the child carried so long in bitterness and sorrow, this small thing perfect in feature and in body? She tried to remember the feeling and could not; she could remember only the fact, and marvel at it. Why, Jeanie's death had nothing to do with this child, nothing at all! Jeanie slept as gently as this child at her feet, and more safely now, removed from danger and from fear. God would take care of Jeanie.

A swift unreasoning happiness suddenly flooded Submit's whole being, and everything around her seemed brighter and cleaner and more intense. The sounds of summer became very sharp in the warm June air. Dorcas and Mary were playing just out of sight in the brook.

She wanted to get up and run—to run as she had done when she was a child. But she could not leave her babies. She looked at them fondly, and then lay down full length on the grass beside them, staring up through the leaves of the maple to the patches of blue sky. She raised her arms above her head, and her body reveled in its contact with the green earth. "Summer," she whispered, "summertime. June—flowers and birds and blue sky and grass. And my children. O dear God, I thank Thee that I am alive."

She turned her head and saw that Freelove was awake, regarding her solemnly out of her deep blue eyes. Freelove seldom cried; she was a good baby.

"Why, lamb!" exclaimed Submit, and sat up. "Was she awake, and mother didn't know? And was she hungry?" She picked up the baby tenderly and opened her dress, and the small soft mouth nuzzled at her and then fastened greedily at her breast. Submit leaned down and brushed the little cheek with her eyelashes, and then gently touched the fuzzy down on the baby's head. Oh, was her hair going to be red like her own, like Jeanie's? She hoped so; she prayed that it would.

Dorcas and Mary dashed up suddenly, giggling and happy, their feet wet from wading in the brook. They sank down on the grass and rolled over like two cheerful puppies. "Oh, ma," Mary cried, "the water's so nice and cool! And the baby's awake. Sweet thing!" She touched the baby's cheek delicately with her forefinger. "Oh, I do love her, I do."

"She's a little pig, isn't she, mother?" observed Dorcas. "Hasn't she had enough yet?"

"Just enough." Submit put the baby away from her and fastened her dress, and then held her gently against her shoulder, patting the small back. "Yes, she's a pig—a sweet darling little pig."

"Can I give her her bath tonight?" asked Dorcas, and Mary cried instantly, "No, me, let me!"

"Both of you," declared their mother. "We'll all do it together. She's got to be *so* sweet and clean tomorrow to see Great-Grandsir. For the first time. And she'll stay with him and Aunt Sarah while we go to meeting, you and your pa and James and Eben and me."

"And can we go see Jeanie?" said Mary softly.

Submit nodded gravely. "Yes," she said, and her heart was peaceful as she said it, "we'll go see Jeanie."

Freelove's eyelids drooped until they closed and she slept again, her small mouth curved into a half-smile. "My baby," murmured Submit, "my daughter. Freelove—Freelove," and fell to thinking of that other Freelove for whom this one was named. No word had come back from her yet, though nearly two months had passed since she and Henry Fuller had set out for York State. Submit never would forget Freelove's face when she was told of her father's consent to her marriage, or her face three days later when she stood by his bed and the old man married her to her husband. Submit had stood beside her, and after Elder Whitney said the final words of the

ceremony he gave her a long look of triumph. "Didn't think I'd do it, did ye?" his glance said, and she smiled back at him understandingly. The secret they bore together gave each of them a sense of kinship with the other. Freelove was transformed that day, beautiful as she had never been before; and Henry Fuller, accepting her into his care and keeping, was very handsome. Submit wondered where they were now, and how they fared. York State was very far away, and in all probability she would never see them again. "Pray God they are safe and happy," she whispered.

Now it was time to go in the house and bathe the baby. Tomorrow she must be arrayed in her best: that fine white dress which all the children had worn for their first appearance in public, the one Submit had made before James was born.

LATER, when Freelove slept in her cradle at the foot of her mother's bed, they had supper, and then Mary took Eben to put him to bed in his trundle in his sisters' room. The sun was still high in the sky and the long June evening stretched ahead of them. Isaac sat in the doorway smoking his pipe contentedly, and James crouched at his feet reading a book.

"Read to us, James," said Submit suddenly. "Read to us while Dorcas and I wash the dishes."

James glanced up and rose slowly. "The Psalms, ma?" he said.

She shook her head. "No, no. Not the Psalms. Something else. What's that book you've got, son?"

"One of your father's, ma, from the shelf." He came across the room with the book in his hand. "Shakespeare, it's called, ma. I don't understand it." He frowned, greatly puzzled. "It's all people talking, and—oh, I don't know."

Isaac spoke from the doorway: "It's plays, son, Shakespeare was a writer. He lived a long time ago. He wrote plays in poetry, and people act them out on the stage. I saw one once when I was a boy in Philadelphia."

"Read one, James," said Submit. "Read one, do now, while we work."

"Any one? I was reading something called The Tempest. I liked the sound of the name."

"Read that, then, son."

So he sat down in the doorway at his father's feet and began, his boy's clear voice stumbling over the words, reading very slowly at first and then faster. Isaac smoked peacefully, gazing far off into the valley. Mary came back to the kitchen and put dishes away. And when the dishes were done Submit went to her spinning wheel, and the little girls to their knitting. The June light started to fade slightly and still James read on, and gradually the poetry took possession of his voice, and Submit's spinning wheel made a steady accompaniment. She listened with her whole soul, and once when he read "Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause. So have we all of joy; for our escape Is much beyond our loss" without the proper halt, she said impatiently, "No, not like that, James. Don't run it all together. Can't you hear, son? It—it sings." And, because the words engraved themselves on her mind like quicksilver, she repeated them after him, and their movement, in her lovely voice, was right. Isaac looked at her strangely but said nothing.

AFTER a while she spun the wheel no longer but sat with her hands idle in her lap, leaning forward a bit to hear the great words. Dorcas and Mary grew tired and ran out of the house to play, but James went on reading, and Isaac and Submit listened. The sun slipped lower and lower behind the hills, and the light dimmed until James had his head very close to the page. But he too was in love with the play and would not stop. And when it came to Prospero's farewell, he rose instinctively; Submit rose too and paced up and down the kitchen.

" 'Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,' " the boy read in his treble voice, " 'And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him When he comes back....' " He read through the speech and pronounced the final words: " 'I'll drown my book,' " and then turned to his mother. "Why, ma," he said wonderingly—"ma, that's—that's—" He could say nothing more, and she said commandingly, her eyes shining, "Read it again."

So he read it again, and when he reached the end of the play and closed the book she was silent and there were tears in her eyes. Isaac and James were silent too, and after a moment Submit said, "Thank you, son."

He came up and kissed her and carefully returned the book to its shelf. Then he climbed the stairs to his loft.

Submit went swiftly about her task of setting the kitchen in its nighttime order, and called the girls from their play and sent them to bed. Then she said to Isaac, "I'm going to bed, Isaac. You coming soon?"

"Right away," he said, and knocked his pipe out against the wall.

Freelove was safe and sleeping in her cradle. The last light of evening came in through the window, and Submit undressed rapidly. Her fingers trembled with excitement, and the nerves of her body tingled thrillingly. She brushed her long bright hair, and then, in her white nightdress, got into bed.

The words raced over and over in her mind—"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ... call'd forth the mutinous winds ... I'll drown my book." She could remember nearly all of them, and she said them again and again, both to herself and then aloud. Then, while the long summer evening became night and moonlight began to steal around the corner of the house and in through the window, and still Isaac did not come, she heard herself saying new words, "The fair moon visited my lonely room—the fair moon visited my lonely room."

But that was all, for then the door opened and Isaac entered, her black-haired black-eyed husband, the same Isaac who had come back for her to Shoreham, older now, but still kind and thoughtful and gentle. She felt suddenly very shy when he approached the bed and stood looking down at her, and then she put up her arms to him.

THE END

Coming Next Week---

FAMILY ON THE HILL

By Ambrose Flack

Bringing his wife to a rural paradise after his hitch as a combat flier in China, Curley met the uproarious Otter family—who soon made upstate New York as exciting as the Burma Road. This delightful novel has been widely acclaimed for the rich humor and beauty it evokes from the stuff of everyday life.

Part One in September 1 Liberty

Notice to Veterans

ALL BRANCHES OF CANADA'S ARMED SERVICES

IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT to the attention of the Department of Veterans Affairs that efforts are being made by unscrupulous promoters to defraud ex-service men and women of their war services grants and re-establishment credits.

The Department of Veterans Affairs is anxious to obtain information in regard to any such instances so that action may be taken to recover such funds and, where possible, to take steps to see that legal action is instituted against those who have defrauded Canada's veterans.

If any returned veteran, has experienced any such frauds, please write immediately giving full particulars so that an investigation may be made by law enforcement officers in the community involved.

In the meantime, for your own protection, sign no documents involving your war service grants or re-establishment credits until you have consulted the officials of this department.

Issued under the Authority of Hon. Ian A. Mackenzie, Minister of Veterans Affairs.

DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS

WILL PEACE BE WITH US?

Continued from Page 7

tion or calculation—they *have* to have peace. The answer to the second is that there would have been no agreement at San Francisco had not forty-nine other nations been willing to gamble on Russia's word.

Let us clear up one subsidiary point already alluded to. Has our victory, in real fact, been in vain? I don't think so, and I hope I do not overstate the case. It seems to me that in three important respects —though freely admitting occasional unpleasantnesses in Soviet behavior—the Russians do differ overwhelmingly from the Nazis.

FIRST, and most vital, German Fascism was distinguished above all by one overwhelming characteristic—militant aggression. Russian Communism is not. The Russian's resources in geography are almost illimitable, and they have had their hands full of the gravest kind of domestic difficulty. Nazi Germany, indisputably, was bent on making war and it made war; the Russians, on the contrary, have waged no aggressive war since their revolution. You will mention Finland, and indeed Russian-Finnish wars took place. Yet these were essentially preventive wars, and tragic as they were—the irony is striking—it may be said that we gained from them. It can well be argued that if the Russians had *not* occupied parts of Finland, Poland, and the Baltic States, thereby building up a barrier against the German invader, the Nazis might have taken Moscow and Stalingrad in 1941 and 1942—which would probably have meant that we would still be fighting on the Rhine.

This brings up a related issue. How, it is asked, can we trust Stalin, when in 1939 Stalin made a pact with Hitler? Doesn't this prove that they are, or were, brothers under the skin? Controversy on this can and will be endless. But, much as in the case of the Finnish war, the point is that if the Russo-German pact had *not* been signed, Germany might well have won the war, or at least have fought through to a long stalemate. Stalin bought time with the Russo-German pact, just as he bought space with his invasion of Poland and the Baltic States. Perhaps this is rationalization after the event. But also it is reasonable to point out that Stalin did almost exactly what Chamberlain did. The Russo-German pact was Stalin's Munich. But he was more clear-sighted than Chamberlain both about motives and about results; he was never so foolish as to say that the Russo-German pact meant "peace in our time."

Second, in this itemization of differences between Germany and Russia, one may mention that the Soviets never made a shibboleth of race. Hitler's theory of Aryan or Nordic supremacy was the basic myth of Nazi "philosophy," just as anti-Semitism was its worst excrescence. The Russians, on the contrary, have consistently encouraged, not discouraged, the preservation and development of different racial cultures. There is no cultural segregation in the Soviet Union, and, by and large, there is less race prejudice than anywhere else in the world.

THIRD, Russian economic concepts were, and are, more deeply integrated, more genuinely based on authentic philosophic doctrine, and above all more generous in aim than anything the Nazis ever attempted to produce. This is not to say that "Communism" (or, more properly, a kind of state socialism) has "worked" in Russia. The Russian standard of living is pitiably below that of the bourgeois west, partly due to reasons beyond Soviet control. But, by and large, the broad underlying concept in Moscow has always been toward the good of the people as a whole. The people have not got much out of the Soviet system, in concrete economic terms, up to date. What it will be like a generation from now—if the world stays at peace—no man can know. But Stalin and Molotov and Kaganovitch and so on, admittedly measuring success in terms of power rather than money, and having absolutely anything in the Soviet Union at their disposal, were not cheap crooks and money-grabbers, raiders of art museums and holders of foreign caches of wealth, like Göring and Ribbentrop and the upper Nazis.

"I keep out of it! It's his wits against the mouse's."

So to proceed. First, what *do* the Russians want? I cannot pretend to answer with authority. But if prevailing straws in the wind are any guide, they want peace, a generation for reconstruction and development, and to be let alone politically if plans for world security fail.

Second, what will the Russians insist on having, at any cost? (1) Their own strategic frontiers. This means that the three Baltic States and Poland beyond the Curzon Line are now, and will remain, Russian; anybody who doesn't like it has no recourse but to fight the Red Army. (2) A broad belt of friendly governments in eastern and central Europe, governments which will never, under any circumstances, take an anti-Russian line. This belt or block of governments will, at a minimum, include Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and parts of Austria and Germany. (3) The Russians will probably ask for and retain spheres of influence in the Far East if they enter the war against Japan.

The phrase "sphere of influence" is in itself nothing to be alarmed about. Power *per se* is not evil; what can be evil is its wrong use. For instance, Mr. Churchill bought himself a sphere of influence in Greece; the major explanation of the Greek fracas is that the British, as it has been put, "gave up everything else to Stalin" as a *quid pro quo* for remaining dominant in Greece (and southern Italy), both regions being vital to British imperial communications. The United States has what is undeniably a sphere of influence in Panama. I do not imagine that the United States, would ever permit a hostile power to occupy Cuba or, say, Dutch Guiana, major U. S. source of bauxite. The Russians think of Riga, Bucharest, and points in the Gulf of Finland in much the same spirit; touch them there, and they jump.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A Nazi Storm Trooper met a stanch Yugoslav peasant. "What are you fighting for?" he demanded. "For liberty and bread," said the peasant. The Nazi spat contemptuously. "We Germans fight for honor," he said. The peasant shrugged. "Every one fights for what they haven't got."

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I should think that a main lesson of the cataclysm of the past five years is that yesterday will never come again. We are living in an expanding era, in positive revolutionary times. The year 1929 will never come again, nor will 1939; all that is gone forever, and we might as well get used to it. It is a new Europe we must look at now and get adjusted to. In part it is a Russian Europe, but that is no reason to yell holy murder or dive under the bed. An overriding point and the key to almost everything is that Russia is not so much "dominating" Europe as that Europe has become a revolutionary continent. This need not be feared, but must be faced.

ANTIPATHY to the Soviet Union comes from curiously disparate groups. It comes from disgruntled Trotskyists and other radicals who were "disillusioned" by their experiences in Russia—people who, in Walter Duranty's phrase, were "rats who left the ship that didn't sink"; from some pure liberals who cannot stomach Russia's unawareness of civil liberties and like subjects; most big-money folk, conservative business men, etc.; many, but by no means all, Roman Catholics, because of the religious issue; some, but not all, isolationists; and a few journalists who make Russophobia their profession, largely because of a subconscious pro-Germanism.

Many critics of Russia are earnest folk deeply convinced of the rightness of their attitude. I know no way to dissuade them from their sincere beliefs. But I should think that one question might be asked them: Have they seriously considered the extent of the disaster that might well befall the world if the attitude towards the Soviet Union became rigidly and overtly *hostile*?—if actual hostility grew out of the present crisis and became hostilities?

Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, one of the best journalists on earth, is a Catholic, and she writes for a conservative newspaper. In a recent column from San Francisco she said, "All the headaches of this conference center in the relationship between the Soviet Union and the other United Nations. Essentially they boil down to the interrelationship of the Soviet Union and the United States. If these two powers cannot enter into a partnership for peace, the machinery being blueprinted here will never safeguard the peace."

It may be said that to have given way to the U. S. S. R. on such items as the Yalta voting ratio and the Polish dispute is "appeasement." But nothing could be further from a reasonable point of view. It is one thing to appease a vicious enemy, Germany; it is quite another to try to get along with a potentially friendly country which was, after all, an ally, and one with whom we are bound to share most of the power in the modern world.

That the Russians have on several occasions behaved badly is undeniable. They have been stingy, shortsighted, and suspicious. I know no explanation at present that justifies Soviet conduct in several recent episodes. But what is to be hoped is that we, by firm use of our own strength,

can influence the Russians to behave less badly. Certainly we should not submit meekly to Moscow on every issue, for the Russians *respect* strength in negotiation. The more we become sure of ourselves and recognize our own essential interests—including good relations with the U. S. S. R. unless we want deliberately to provoke another war—the better the Russians will get along with *us*. Talk the coldest kind of turkey to Mr. Stalin. If anybody knows how to understand that kind of talk, he does.

The fact that the Russians have often behaved badly has obviously cost them much prestige lately on this continent and Great Britain. This, too, is unfortunate, because when a country loses prestige, it may behave more and more badly in a vain attempt to regain by bluster what it has lost. At all costs this should be avoided; which again puts a responsibility on *us* to try to behave patiently and well.

A final and vital main point remains to be stated. We have beaten Germany, after enormous sacrifice, travail, and loss. We have beaten Germany; but this doesn't mean that we have liquidated the German problem, the most massive and dangerous we have ever faced. We have beaten Hitler; but this does not mean that we have won the war. What counts now is how to hold, how to augment, implement, and make secure the military victory we have gained.

TO keep Germany under control, there must undeniably be unity among the Allies. Germany was able to rise after 1918 and make war again because the U. S. A. walked out of the peace, the Russians retreated into revolution, and the British and French started to quarrel over the spoils. If the United States, Britain, and Russia behave similarly and start quarreling now, there can be no adequate control of Germany, because no scheme of control can possibly succeed if the controlling powers disagree or split up.

The U. S. quit the peace last time, and the result was a new war. By exact analogy, Russia might now decide to handle its share of the European problem its own way, which would be tantamount to quitting the peace, unless we do manage to cooperate. Curiously, in the event of a split between the two countries, the Russian isolationists would probably tend to sympathize with American isolationists—because if the United States also walks out of a peace settlement, Russian hands in Europe will be freer. Conversely, American isolationists should at the moment logically support a strong Russian nationalist stand, which most of them do not do. In other words, isolation in either country will encourage isolation in the other—which could produce catastrophe.

German policy—to the last broken gasp—was an attempt to divide the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. The Nazi demagogues and blusterers failed in this effort during the war itself. Shall they succeed now that we have a military victory? Why continue to play the Nazi game, now that the "war" is over? Surely there is something juvenile and unrealistic in this attitude, because the whole future of mankind is at stake. And if the United Nations do not stick together, *Hitler even in death will have won the war!*

The conclusion of this article will appear next week.

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"Experience is simply the name men give to their mistakes."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

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Athlete's Foot attacks hot, steaming feet

Excessive perspiration makes Athlete's Foot micro-organisms grow much faster

• Summer "dog days" make your feet perspire excessively. And as they steam in hot, damp socks the skin is irritated—especially between the toes. Often it cracks wide open, exposing raw tissue to an attack of that painful skin disease called Athlete's Foot!

Cracks between your toes warn of danger

Athlete's Foot micro-organisms grow faster when they feed on extra perspiration and dead skin. When the skin between your toes cracks open they get under the skin and spread beneath the tissues. Your toes redden and itch. Skin flakes off in dull white patches. You know Athlete's Foot has taken hold!

Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact!

Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot micro-organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact—they can't grow and cause you pain.

Drench those open cracks at once

Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack between the toes, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength, night and morning. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal, P.Q.

1. Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. Cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.
5. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine Jr.

WALDO THE WEEP

Continued from Page 13

But he is determined. Finally Ollie asks Waldo how is he going to have his demise performed.

"I'm trying to arrange for a professional job," Waldo answers with a trace of pride. "I been shopping around. But will you believe me, all the gunners I talk to want fifty dollars for the job. I believe they are fixing prices," he complains. "And when I argue they ought to give me a special rate on account of I will co-operate, they say it makes no difference to them whether I co-operate or not. But, they say, if I am going to be the subject, they must insist on cash in advance, for they do not see any future in extending credit to me."

No Dice expresses himself as being shocked at the price. And Ollie Musto says he understands fixing prices is illegal, and he urges Waldo, as a good citizen, to have nothing to do with such lawbreakers. And Waldo says he won't. He explains he has figured how to get a cheaper job done: that he won twenty bucks from Billy Red which Billy Red has never paid, and that all he needs do is ask Billy Red for the twenty, and that Billy Red will arrange gratis for his, Waldo's, demise forthwith.

"That way," Waldo says, looking very smug, "I get a professional job for only twenty dollars, and for twenty dollars I would never collect anyway."

About this time Waldo mentions that he would sure like to have one of Chophouse Charlie's steak dinners before he goes. And Ollie Musto says, "Why, sure. Meet me there tomorrow night, and I'll be pleased and honored to have you as my guest." Waldo protests a long time, through his tears, that he plans to end everything that night. But finally, for the sake of old times, Waldo lets himself be talked into accepting the invitation. And Waldo says he would not dream of doing anything final before this supper, since it would be most impolite to stand Ollie up.

After Waldo goes, Ollie gives us the wink and we assemble in the back room. It does not take us long to agree that we got to organize and to try to cheer Waldo up and to keep him alive until we manage somehow to get those letters back.

For the next week or two we take turns looking after Waldo, buying him expensive meals and fixing him with drinks and such. We try and get him drunk enough to give back the letters. But with no luck. And what is worse, Waldo remains as sorrowful as ever. He is most demanding. Any time his host does not order the best on the menu, Waldo starts talking about how nobody loves him and maybe he better end it all right away immediately after supper.

This is most expensive, and naturally most depressing to all of us. One night we hold a meeting, and No Dice takes the floor. He wonders if we are not doing Waldo a bad turn in keeping him alive this way, and prolonging his agony, so to speak. I ask if what he is leading up to might not be considered illegal, and, besides, what about the letters? And then Ollie asks what if Waldo should change his mind about suiciding?

No Dice says he is disappointed in both of us, that Waldo says he wants to commit suicide, and it is an insult to Waldo not to believe him. He gives us quite a lecture on the duties of friendship and how we must take an unselfish attitude and consider only how to arrange Waldo's demise in a manner where it will be plain we have nothing to do with it.

"If we can do that," he ends in a triumphant voice, "we got nothing to fear about the letters."

BY this time I feel all warm inside and philanthropic toward Waldo.

"Maybe we can let Waldo have it around somebody's private premises, so it will look like the owner does the dispatching," No Dice suggests. "That way, the cops won't pay much attention to them letters."

The brilliance of the idea keeps us all silent for a minute.

"Swell!" Ollie agrees admiringly. "I been owing Center Street Mickey a favor for a long time. Let us leave Waldo in the back of Mickey's delivery truck."

No Dice does not like this. He says immediately that the whole plan is his, and he ought to get to designate who gets loaded with Waldo. Furthermore, he says, everybody knows he owes By-by Henry a debt from way back, and leaving Waldo on Henry's front porch will go a long way toward leveling things up.

Speed Collatti puts an end to all this bickering.

"Gentlemen," he says firmly, "now is no time for settling personal grudges. If we are to dispose of Waldo, it must be for the common good. We can't go leaving him around promiscuous like, and clear ourselves. What we must do is arrange things so Waldo's exit looks strictly on the up-and-up. And who," he asks, "is a better person to give Waldo a legitimate demise than some respectable party like a watchman?"

We are all loud in praise of Speed's idea. When we ask how we are going to arrange this, he says it will be most simple. He says we all know that Flannigan, who watches at the A. & B. warehouse, is a very nervous guy with his gun; that all we got to do is to ask Waldo to deliver a package some night to Flannigan, and, after Waldo starts, to phone Flannigan that a hijacker is on his way over.

"Flannigan is sure to start blasting soon as he sees Waldo," Speed ends.

There is some debate whether we should tell Waldo what we plan to do for him. But we decide not to, especially after No Dice points out that Waldo might not understand we are only doing this out of a feeling of kindness for him.

Later, I think maybe we should have explained things to Waldo, since he does not co-operate. He takes the package over O. K., but when Flannigan comes out of the warehouse blasting, Waldo does not stop to get a receipt for the package like we tell him to. Instead, he comes back out of the alley fast, and there is always a debate whether Flannigan misses because Waldo leads the bullets, or because Waldo is running practically horizontal with the ground and does not present any target to speak of.

When we see Waldo later, No Dice is very much annoyed, and upbraids Waldo severely for running.

"After all the trouble we take to arrange for you to get bumped off legitimately, you go and ruin everything," No Dice complains in great indignation. "There is no reason for you running like that. You tell us you want to cash in, and then, when we try to help, you go and run out on us. It is things like that," No Dice says, "that undermine one's faith in human nature."

Waldo, it turns out, has a very small mind. Instead of apologizing for running, he says in a mean voice he will appreciate it if we keep our noses out of his business, and, furthermore, he will arrange for his own demise in his own time and manner.

Then Waldo pulls a notebook out of his pocket and announces that he has started to keep a diary, and that he is going to put down all this that we try to do to him, and that if we try to help him out any more, he will put that down too.

"And when I do depart," he says nasty like, "you will all have a nice time explaining away both the letters and my diary."

IT gives me chills to hear Waldo talk like this. In my imagination already I can hear the warden asking do I prefer to have my chair heated by alternating or direct current. There is no more talk about helping Waldo out, leastwise not out of this world.

Despite all this, Waldo is not upset enough to lose his appetite. If anything, he is more expensive and demanding than ever. And that is how matters stand when Ollie calls us together one night. He explains that he runs across Wando, or Mrs. Waldo, slinging hash in a restaurant, and it suddenly occurs to him that if we can reconcile Waldo and the little woman, maybe Waldo will cheer up and change his mind about suiciding.

It is worth a try, so we call on Mrs. Waldo, and she is only too willing to forgive and forget if Waldo is willing, and she suggests we all come around to her apartment for a genuine home-cooked meal. And to bring Waldo along.

HARDTACK

"You'll have to try this at your own risk, madam. We can't guarantee to extricate you."

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," she says brightly. "Waldo and I were always planning to have a little apartment of our own, where I could cook for him. But we never did. You bring him around for a meal, and I'll have just what we always talked about, steak and potatoes and biscuits. And afterwards," she says with a coy smile, "Waldo and I will sit around and get reacquainted."

So this is how it happens that half a dozen of us go calling on her one night. And we take Waldo along. Only, of course, he does not know where he is going. And he is some surprised when he enters this apartment, and who is there but his own little woman. And, I must say this for Mrs. Waldo, she has Waldo's robe and slippers ready for him, just like he lives there.

No Dice gives the signal and we try to tiptoe out, but Mrs. Waldo insists that we all sit down to supper, which she says she cooks with her own hands, and which will be a big change from that junk we been eating in restaurants.

Well, we sit down, and I can testify that her cooking is a great change from any cooking I ever taste in a restaurant, or any other place I ever eat. The only place I figure you can match it is at the city incinerator or maybe the glue works. And I can see that when the other boys bite into the food they get the same idea.

It would not be so bad if Mrs. Waldo is not so generous. She insists that we take seconds and thirds before we are through with the firsts.

"By the way, Mrs. Waldo," Ollie asks, trying to make her overlook the fact he isn't eating anything much, "how is your little boy, Junior?"

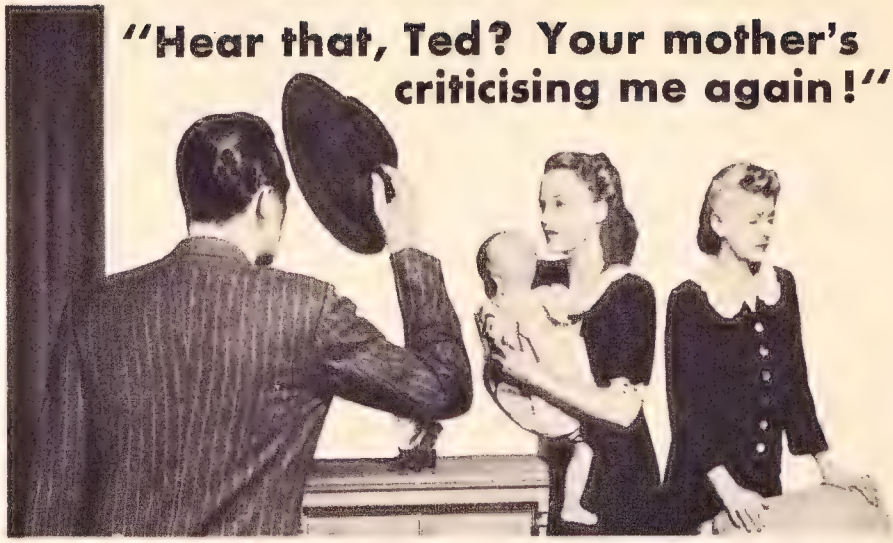
"Junior?" she asks in a puzzled voice. "What Junior? Waldo and I haven't any children," she says merrily. "Have we, Waldo?"

She pops up without waiting for an answer and says she will get us some more biscuits. Waldo stands up casually and says he just remembers something and maybe he better be getting along.

Ollie shoves Waldo back down into his chair.

"Sit down, Waldo," Ollie says sweetly, like sugar-coated poison. "Sit down and tell us all about Junior who is supposed to get your insurance after you die. The Junior you do not want to cheat by committing an honest suicide."

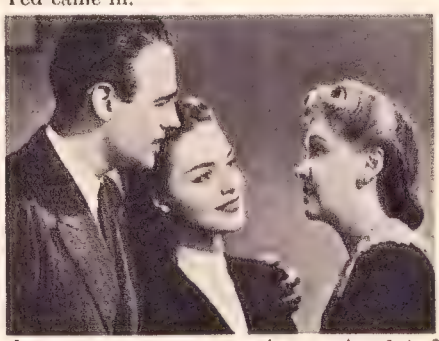
Waldo looks around at all of us. And I



1. While Ted's father was on a long business trip, Ted's mother came to visit us. I thought being with the baby would cheer her up. It did, at first, and we got along fine until she started "sounding off" about my management of little Jean.

2. "You certainly pamper the baby," she'd say, "with all these special things. Special soap, special powder—don't tell me *now* you're going to give her a *special laxative!*" One evening she was complaining just as Ted came in.

3. That was when I blew up and appealed to Ted for help . . . he was magnificent. "Of *course* we give Jean a special laxative," he said. "The doctor told us to, because a baby's delicate system needs special care."



4. "Adult laxatives can be too harsh," I chimed in, "so we give the baby Castoria. It's made especially for children — effective and gentle, never griping." With that Ted gave Jean some Castoria.

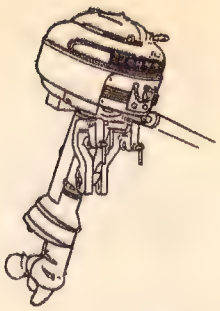
5. "My goodness," cried Ted's mother. "See how well she takes it—she seems to *love* it!" "She *does* love it!" I smiled at my mother-in-law. "Well, my dears," she said, "I guess I'm *not* too old to learn a new trick."

As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria — senna — has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children



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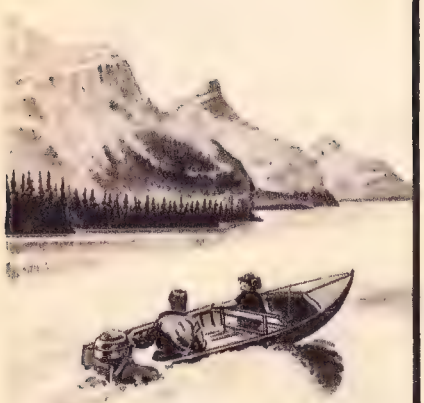
spinning along over sun-swept water with a smoothly running Johnson Sea-Horse supplying the power . . . Carefree boating is one of the greatest of summer pleasures and you can be sure of the utmost in boating enjoyment if you own a Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motor. Prewar Sea-Horses are still giving their owners the same dependable service they did when they were new. Right now there are a few new Sea-Horses available for essential civilian needs; so drop in and ask your dealer for complete information and a copy of "Know Your Outboard Motor", the free booklet on outboard motor care . . . or write direct to our plant in Peterboro.



1445

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DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE AND MANUFACTURING CO.

Here's a SENSIBLE way *to relieve 'PERIODIC'* Female Pain

with its nervous tension, weak, tired cranky feelings

● If at such times you feel so nervous, tired, irritable, a bit blue—due to female functional periodic disturbances—don't delay—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Here's WHY:

1. Pinkham's Compound comes in *liquid* form. It is one of the most effective medicines made *especially* for girls and women for this purpose.
2. This medicine is what is known as a *uterine sedative* because it has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.
3. Pinkham's Compound is made from wholesome roots and herbs (plus Vitamin B_1).
4. Pinkham's Compound HELPS NATURE! Buy a bottle *today* at any drugstore. Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

guess we look pretty grim. Anyway, he is scared, plenty scared.

"There isn't any Junior. Or any insurance," Waldo says. He tries to laugh like it is a joke. Then he sobers. "I just made everything up. I didn't know how I was going to get through the winter, so I thought up the idea about the suicide and the threatening letters to get you to help me."

"So," Ollie says. "What about those letters? Where are they?"

Waldo fished into his pocket and pulled them out. Ollie looked the letters over hurriedly and tossed them back.

"O. K.," Ollie says. "Those are the letters all right. Now let's see you eat them."

"And the diary too," No Dice puts in.

Waldo gives us a kicked-pup look. But we been through too much, both financially and otherwise, to give him a tumble. He dips a letter into water, puts catsup on it, then crams it into his mouth. He follows with the rest of the letters, chewing all the while. As he puts the last letter in, he starts to prepare the diary.

"Smile," No Dice says.

WALDO gives us a sick grin. There is a sudden scream. We forget all about Mrs. Waldo. For a moment I am afraid she will light into us for picking on Waldo. But this is a very far thing from her mind.

"So!" she screams at Waldo. "You sit there and eat my biscuits like they are tombstones," she yells. "But as soon as I turn my back, you start eating paper and smiling like you enjoy it. Get out," she screams. "I never been so insulted in my life."

At this moment she starts chucking such portable bits of furniture as she can get her hands on, and all of us light out, with Waldo leading the way.

After we are outside, Waldo is most apologetic. He promises to pay back all the money we spend on him if we insist and if he ever makes it. But I doubt that he ever will. He is out of business completely as a tear merchant, because, will you believe it, Waldo says that he cannot cry any more. He says that he used to be able to weep by thinking of all the fine home-cooked meals he lost when Mrs. Waldo walked out on him, but that now he has tasted one of her meals, when he thinks of that subject, all he can do is laugh. And, as you well know, there is no ready market for laughter around the courthouse.

THE END

"We're from the Senate Small Business Committee."

THE GOLDEN HEADACHE

Continued from Page 9

"Good. Go ahead and pay it. Good-by—"

"We will not pay it! It's a hold-up," he said, almost shouting, as she started shutting the door. "You listen to me a minute!"

She sighed, and opened the door wide and stepped aside.

"All right, come in. We can talk while I dress. Have a seat. Please forgive me, but I simply must change!"

She hurried into a bedroom, but left the door ajar.

He sat down and glanced around. It was a nice living room. It looked as if people enjoyed living here.

"Miss Pietrangela, my company won't pay four hundred and sixty dollars to Mrs. Leseur. That's highway robbery!"

"You don't know what you're talking about!"

"You'll either offer to replace Mrs. Leseur's set for a reasonable price, or I'll go to the authorities."

"Why, y-you informer, you! You stool pigeon!"

He winced miserably.

"I don't *want* to do that. In all honesty, Miss Pietrangela, what is one of your silk sets actually worth?"

"Mrs. Leseur got hers at a wild bargain!" she said furiously.

"Lord a'mighty, what're those gloves and hose made of?"

"Cloth of gold."

"And what in—what's cloth of gold?"

"Tarentine."

"And what in blazes is tarentine?"

"Marine silk."

"Oh, I see," he said with elaborate irony. "Not just silk yet, but silk from fishes."

"Exactly."

"You think you can make me believe *that?*"

"You think I care a darn what you believe?"

"For how much do you usually sell those sets, if four hundred and sixty dollars was cheap. I'd like to know!"

"I don't sell them."

"Oh, now you're going to tell me you donate 'em!"

"That's right." She came out of the other room then. She had changed to slacks and jacket and was winding a bandana about her lustrous black hair. "I've got to rush off. Come back some day and I'll cook up a wash boiler of spaghetti."

"Don't forget the red wine," he said angrily.

"Sure." Her eyes snapped. "Lucrezia Borgia was a relative of mine."

SHE drove off in a Ford coupé, and he stood on the curb, baffled and upset. He had learned practically nothing.

Back in his own office, later, he made inquiries. The Pietrangela brothers, he learned, from his pipe lines, were tuna fishermen. Both were in the Army now, and their sister was running their tuna business. She had bought two launches and diving gear and had a crew of four divers gathering Gelidium moss to be made into agar-agar, and was prospering nicely.

At first he had thought that he was probing into a case of flagrant black-market profiteering. But now suspicion of something far worse shaped in his mind.

Gelidium moss was a plushy red seaweed that grew on the reefs off the coast of Lower California. It was gathered by men in full diving rig who went down as deep as a hundred feet to pick the bushy tufts by hand. The moss had to go through a lot of processing before it made the agar-agar that was so important to hospitals for use in diagnosis and making vaccines and cul-

Once upon a time

... doctors and nurses had to work with antiseptics which were strong-smelling and poisonous and definitely dangerous in any but expert hands. Fortunately those days are gone. The modern antiseptic 'Dettol', though several times more deadly to germs than pure carbolic acid, is not poisonous. It is pleasant to use, it does not pain, it does not stain, and it is so safe that if necessary you could use it in the dark.

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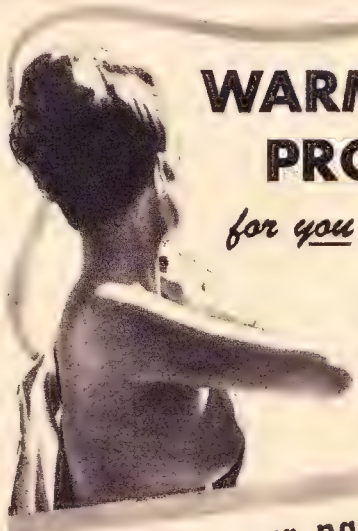

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1 FULL OZ. 39¢

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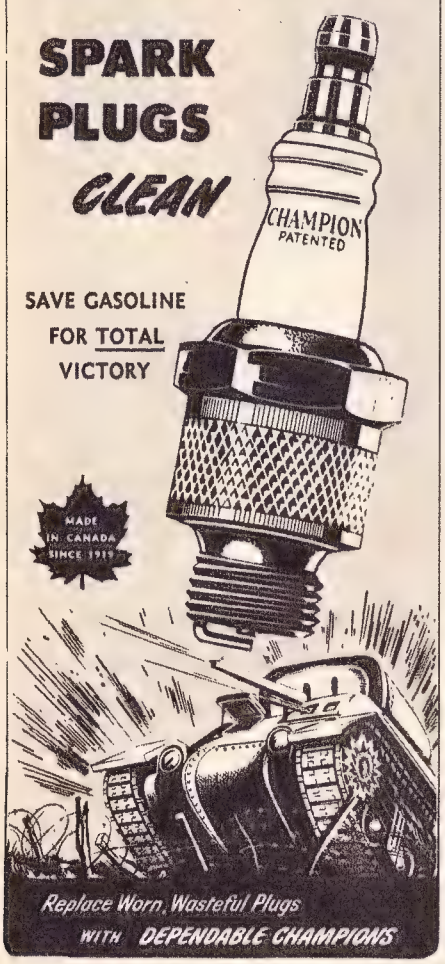
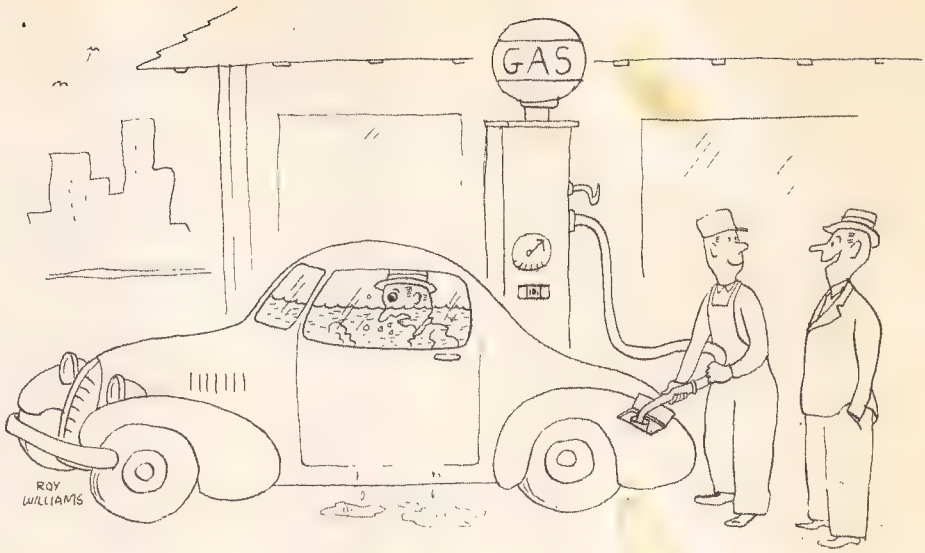
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS CLEAN
SAVE GASOLINE FOR TOTAL VICTORY


Replace Worn, Wasteful Plugs WITH DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS

Want POST WAR SECURITY?
Then plan for it by regular purchase of War Stamps and Certificates.

SNAP
CLEANS DIRTY HANDS



tures and laxatives. Before the war, all our agar-agar came from Japan, for they could sell it at twenty-five cents a pound; now the price was three dollars a pound and the demand very great.

Those sets of gloves and scarf and stockings made of silk so fine that they could be folded inside a cigarette case—*just where did the raw silk in them come from?* It was such fine silk, such exquisite silk, probably the best silk that Japan produced—

Bill Mattox hated to believe that. Smuggled silk? In *wartime?*

But it might be! He saw how it might be.

The boats going out for Gelidium moss worked down along the coast of Lower California. There were big bays down that way. Magdalena Bay, for instance. It was still possible, in spite of security patrols, for a Jap pigboat to sneak into one of those big bays—and maybe drop some contraband. And maybe divers, harvesting Gelidium moss on reefs a hundred feet deep, were picking up sealed packages of the valuable silk—

"Relax!" Bill Mattox raged at himself. "You're seeing ghosts!"

But the thing was giving him jitters. He finally told the whole story to Rex Turner, an investigator for National Indemnity.

"You must think I've been taking goof balls," Bill ended.

"Huh-uh, not at all," Turner said soberly. "But before we go to the F. B. I. with it, you've *got* to rake up some proof."

THAT evening Bill prowled the water front. He saw Angela Pietrangela's two launches come in, near the dock used by the fleet of moss boats of the American Agar and Chemical Company; and looked on, unnoticed in the dark, as the moss was unloaded. Bill saw nothing to arouse suspicion.

Worried and preoccupied, he went about his business the next couple of days as if hypnotized. After work, he went down to the docks. And got no results at all—until Friday night.

He saw Angela get off a boat and immediately drive off in her car. Hidden behind a shed, he watched as her men loaded the seaweed from her boats onto a big Chemical Company truck. When the job was done, the floodlights were doused and it was semidark on the pier. Then the thing happened.

Angela's boss diver took a wooden case from one of her boats and carried it hurriedly to a parked car. Behind him his tender followed with another case. Then the boss diver got into the sedan alone and drove off.

Pulse hammering, Bill Mattox ran to his own car and followed.

The diver sped straight to Spray Drive. Pulled into Angela's dark driveway and parked by the back porch.

Bill Mattox left his car and stole up that driveway, keeping in the shadow of a thick hedge. He saw the driver of the other car heave a box out of the back, then walk to the porch door, open it, and carry the box in.

BILL sprang to the sedan. A box still remained. Leaning in, he grabbed it, hefted it out, and hurried down the dark driveway with it. He swung the heavy box into his own coupé.

Now, he realized excitedly as he started his car, he had the proof he needed! The wood of this box was soaked by sea water; obviously it had been immersed a long time. And bits of the Gelidium moss, under which it had been hidden in the boat, still clung to it. Here was proof enough to make the government poke a very grim nose into Miss Pietrangela's activities.

Silk from fishes. Huh! That crack wouldn't sound so smart in a courtroom.

A couple of blocks away he impulsively stopped his car. He was impatient for a look at the contraband in the box.

Lifting the seat, he fished for tools, but found only a lug wrench, a jack, pliers, and a small screw driver. With the screw driver he started prying at the boards.

Oddly, his first triumph dwindled as he worked.

Damn it, it was hard to believe that a girl like Angela could have a hand in some lousy smuggling. *Don't be a dope,* Conscience scolded him. *If Angela had a face like a hundred-year-old squaw and a figure like a wilted candle, you could believe her guilty of anything!* That's right, he snapped back at Conscience. She's just too darn lovely to be anything but fine and decent! *Mattox, you say that in spite of the evidence?* Conscience gasped. *Mattox, where is your sterling integrity?*

The little screw driver bent and slipped uselessly from under the board he was trying to pry up, and he cracked his knuckles and he swore, his inner misery giving vigor to the oath. As a matter of fact, he realized, he ought to wait to open this box in front of witnesses, so that the defense would have no chance to yell

frame-up—to say that he had *planted* contraband in the case. He quit working at the box.

Truth was, he didn't want to involve Angela in any smuggling rap. Yet he *did* want to stop the smuggling. But he couldn't do both! Or could he?

Abruptly he started his car again, whirled it in a U turn in mid-block and raced back the way he had come.

He stopped in front of Angela's house, jumped out, ran to the front door and firmly, furiously, rang the doorbell.

Angela opened the door.

"Why, hello, Mr. Mattox!" she exclaimed, surprised.

He swallowed hard. Angela wore a pretty apron over a smart red dress and a red ribbon about her shining, black hair.

"I've got to talk to you," Bill said thickly.

"Do come in!" She was in a gay mood, and she took his arm and drew him inside. "I did ask you to come back and try my spaghetti, didn't I? My brother came home on leave unexpectedly today. From Sicily, mind you, and he's starved for spaghetti! Tony, this is Mr. Mattox. And Joe Pina, Mr. Mattox."

Tony Pietrangela was a captain, and he wore pilot's wings. He was also large and handsome and amiable, and his big hand engulfed Bill Mattox's fingers. Beyond him stood Angela's boss diver, grinning and nodding a how-do.

Bill pulled his hand back from Captain Pietrangela's.

"Look," he said huskily. "I'm no dinner guest. Miss Pietrangela, I was on the dock a while ago, when your men unloaded their cargo of Gelidium moss. Under that moss they had a couple of boxes hid, and they sneaked those wet boxes into a car and left there in a hurry. I saw it all, mind you!"

Swarthy Joe Pina's heavy jowls turned livid. He looked at Captain Pietrangela, his black eyes urgent and panicky.

"What about those boxes?" Angela's brother demanded.

"I gotta go," Joe Pina said. "I just remember, my woman—"

"Wait!" Bill ordered wildly. "I'm warning you people! You pull off any more of this smuggling and I'll have the federal boys throw the bunch of you into Alcatraz!"

Captain Pietrangela's face went sober. Pina gulped.

Angela said, "Mr. Mattox, just *who* is smuggling *what?*"

"You are! Smuggling in raw silk to make into gloves and stockings! You brought in two boxes of it tonight. I saw 'em!"

ANGELA looked at Pina, and Pina looked sick.

"Mr. Mattox, where are those boxes?" she asked ominously.

"Joe Pina carried one onto your back porch!"

"Joe, you're going to open that box."

They crowded around the sodden box on the porch; and Pina, sweating, but not from effort, worked on the boards with a claw hammer.

The cover of the box came back. Captain Tony Pietrangela suddenly let out a wild whoop of joy. His big hand snatched into the box and brought out a bottle that gurgled pleasantly —a bottle with a surprising label that shouted a surprising fact at Bill Mattox's gawking eyes.

He gasped and groped back to a chair, feeling as if the ground had shaken under his feet. For the case contained full quarts of fine imported Scotch whisky.

"Joe!" Captain Pietrangela hugged Pina. "I love you!"

"Tell Mis' Angela," Pina begged.

"Tell me nothing," she cut in sternly. "Mr. Mattox, I can explain this. While my divers were gathering moss on Ygnacio Reef, they stumbled onto a motor cruiser that had been used by rumrunners working out of Ensenada. The boat had been sunk by gunfire from a Coast Guard cutter. I guess that was well over a dozen years ago. Anyway, most of the cargo was still aboard and undamaged. My divers didn't tell me about it, but started bringing up a case now and then. I found out, and figured it was just for their own use and I didn't say anything. But when they started peddling the stuff, I warned them I'd fire the whole crew if it happened again—"

"Aw, sis," Captain Pietrangela protested, "good old Joe just brought up a case to celebrate my home-coming!"

"That's all, that's all," stammered good old Joe.

Angela's toe tapped and her lovely eyes flashed sparks.

"Tony Pietrangela, if you think for one minute that you're going on a three-day drunk—"

"On just one case? Sweetheart, be reasonable!"

"Two cases, Mr. Mattox said. Joe, where's the other case?"

Pina winced and gulped and reddened.

"Other case, Mis' Angela, I leave in car. My wife's uncle has bad cold, with fever. I figure take home case for him."

"Your wife hasn't got an uncle!"

"Sis, honey—" Captain Pietrangela put a cajoling arm about his sister and drew her into the kitchen. He had a way with him, Captain Pietrangela. Presently they returned, and Angela was trying hard to keep from smiling.

"Sit down, everybody. That spaghetti'll get cold." She took Bill's arm. "Mr. Mattox, you sit here, next to me."

Bill was sure he couldn't eat. He was too upset and shaken. But he didn't know Angela's cooking. He ate, all right. . . .

I SAID I'M SORRY... BUT IT'S STILL TRUE!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT, NANCY! JOHN WOULD NEVER SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT ABOUT ME!
BUT HE DID, AUNTIE SUE! I HEARD HIM! HE SAID YOU OUGHTA GO TO THE DENTIST'S ON ACCOUNT HE SAID BAD BREATH WAS A—A REGULAR BLITZ TO BLISS!
AUNT SUE SEES HER DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES —STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS— REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN AN UNCLE?
NO, BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE, NANCY—IF YOUR AUNT SUE HERE WOULD ONLY SAY..."I DO!"
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
25c 40c
COLGATE'S Nylon TOOTHBRUSH
Full size brush • Non-soggy • Nylon bristles shaped to protect gums
Special Value 29¢

"Thanks for listening!"—THE HAPPY GANG—CBC NETWORK—Mon. thru Fri. Canada's most popular daytime radio show!

After dinner, Joe Pina remembered that his wife was waiting for him to come home to supper, and departed. And Captain Pietrangela remembered that he had to call on a maiden aunt. He stowed three unopened bottles of Scotch about his person, carefully explaining to Bill that his aunt lived out in the country where there were lots of snakes. Then he kissed Angela, winked at Bill, and strode out.

Angela sat down on the davenport and patted the seat beside her. Bill Mattox sat down, his nerves getting skittery.

"Mr. Maddox, would you tell me—"

"My friends call me Bill," he said.

"I'm sure they do. Mr. Mattox, just how did you happen to be watching my boats unload this evening?"

Here it was. Bill Mattox sighed, and said frankly, "I figured you were smuggling in raw silk, and I wanted to see it done."

"Why did you figure that?" she demanded angrily.

"You needed silk to make those gloves and stockings—"

"I don't make them, Mr. Mattox. I just prepare the thread and have it made up by a knitting mill in Los Angeles."

"But that's it! You make up the thread—with fine raw silk, and that raw silk has to come from Japan!"

He'd been feeling good; but now he got heartsick again.

"Oh," she said. "*That's* how you reasoned." She hesitated, and then very carefully she asked, "So when you saw Joe Pina bring wet boxes from his boat, why didn't you call the police?"

"I intended to," he said staunchly.

"Then why didn't you?" she demanded.

"Because—" he started, and choked off.

Her lips were full and very red and close. He had an impulse, and he had some reckless whisky in him, too; so he obeyed the impulse. Roughly, even a bit despairingly, he kissed her—but her lips were warm and soft and responsive and not at all in a hurry; so it became quite a kiss, and when he drew away, he was out of breath clear to his toes.

"I see," she said, and she was laughing at him, but in a way that had no derision in it. "But, Bill darling, I *told* you what I made those sets out of. Cloth of gold—"

"You said silk from fishes!"

"Yes—shellfishes. I said marine silk, and that's something very definite. Marine silk, or tarentine, is a thread that's spun out by a shellfish which is very common around Sicily—the *Pinna nobilis*. It's something like our own mussel, and, like the mussel, it clings to rocks by means of a gummy secretion it spins out of a sieve of fine holes. When exposed to air, this skein is a bunch of golden threads that're like a very fine silk. Well, Sicilian fishermen rake up a lot of these shellfish, Bill. By the ton! Then they tear the clump of threads off each shell and sell the stuff to peasant women, who wash the fine filaments and card them and spin them into thread for weaving into gloves and scarfs and things. It makes a fabric that has such a lovely color, like burnished gold, and it's so fine that the best silk is almost coarse beside it. But you've seen the stuff!

"Bill, making tarentine is a handicraft that's very old in Sicily. Cloth of gold was made in Palermo and Lucca back in my great-grandmother's time, and was precious even before there was any famine of Japanese silk. About a year ago I had an idea. My brothers were over in Sicily, and I had them send me both tarentine thread and raw skeins of the stuff. It's very light and takes such little space. And over here I had the tarentine made into scarfs and gloves and hose." She thrust out her shapely legs. "Makes nylon look like cotton, don't you think? Then I had the idea of making up sets that would fit into a cigarette case that could be carried in a purse. I took sets to the Blouse Shop to sell for me."

"But you said you didn't sell them!"

"I don't really, Bill. The customers are made to understand when they buy a set. You see, things are very difficult in Italy just now. I send the money I get to Italy, for relief work. Changed into Italian currency, it amounts to quite a lot, and every bit helps. You see?"

Bill blurted, "I've sure been a dope!"

"Oh, no, Bill! How were you to know?"

"Well, I might at least have asked—"

"You *did* ask, but I—"

They burst out laughing together. And he leaned close.

"If I k-kissed you again," he stammered, "would you slap my face?"

"I might. But wouldn't it be worth it?"

WHEN Bill Mattox reached the office of National Indemnity next morning, there was news for him.

Mrs. Leseur had found that set of gloves, scarf, and stockings which she had reported stolen. Her cocker spaniel, Mimi, had picked up the silver case containing the articles and carried it to her bed. So the insurance company could just forget the whole matter.

"Women!" snorted Bill Mattox's boss.

"What's the matter with women?" Bill demanded belligerently.

The boss peered at him. The boss knew the signs. The boss, definitely, was no dope.

"All right, all right," he murmured. "Just let me know the date. You'll get two weeks off and a twenty-buck raise in pay. I like to see my boys settle down."

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

What is the name of the colossal bronze statue that stands in New York Harbor?

Although it is popularly known as the Statue of Liberty, the correct name is Liberty Enlightening the World.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Easy Way to Treat
DRY SCALP
with
Vaseline
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC
● Does your scalp feel tight, dry, itchy? . . . Does your comb show tell-tale dandruff? . . . Does your hair have that untidy "half-groomed" look? Then fight *dry scalp* with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! Just comb in a few drops every morning, or rub it right on the scalp. Before shampooing, massage the scalp vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—afterwards, rub a little into the hair. This simple, regular treatment supplements natural scalp oils . . . helps give you hair that stays well-groomed from morn till night.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd. Montreal.
Three times the quantity in the larger bottle.
50¢ AND 85¢
Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
New York • Montreal
It takes just a few drops daily to keep your hair looking its best

HOW WELL DO YOU READ?

Continued from Page 15

material is the main thing in reading. If you are studying directions for making a cake or building a shelf, you will probably take your time, stopping to assemble materials. You have to be sure you have every step clearly in mind. The same is true in solving an arithmetic problem or reading a Supreme Court decision.

On the other hand, it's no crime to skip elaborate descriptions of mountain scenery when the heroine is hanging over the cliff and the hero is five miles away but galloping fast. Skipping is a time-saver. You should skip whenever you feel like it, except when you are reading for information that you expect to use.

SKIMMING is not the same as skipping. Skimming is the secret that enables many professional workers to keep up with everything published in their field. A school child who knows how to skim through a book to find out where to *begin* reading has learned one of the most important lessons at school. Tables of contents, indexes, card catalogues, the librarian herself should all help you skim intelligently.

How fast should you read? If you read 225 words a minute, you are reading at about the national average and as well as a sixth-grade child is expected to read his schoolbooks. That is not fast enough to make newspaper or magazine reading enjoyable. High-school students get into difficulties if they cannot read 300 words a minute, and college students who read below 350 words will find the going tough. Five hundred words a minute is pretty fast, but in some jobs it is too slow. Dr. Center has had men come to her clinic to improve a reading rate of 600 words a minute. They did it, too. Lewis reads faster than 800 words a minute, and is still improving. Apparently you can always read faster and better, no matter how well you read. Reading is really thinking, and who ever heard of thinking perfectly? To many of us, it will be challenging to learn that most adults can improve their reading rate at least 35 per cent by their own efforts.

Look at the time. How long did you read? First subtract one half minute for turning pages. Then check by this chart.

If you read	Your rate per minute is
12 minutes	210 words
10 minutes	250 words
9 minutes	275 words
8 minutes	310 words
7 minutes	355 words
6 minutes	415 words
5 minutes	500 words
4½ minutes	555 words
4 minutes	625 words
3½ minutes	715 words
3 minutes	835 words

Answer the following questions without looking back at the article. Count ten for each one you answer correctly. If your score is 80 or higher, you have got the main points of the article. If it is less than 60, you have perhaps been too conscious of making a test.

1. Fast readers miss a lot of what they read. True? False?

2. A poor vocabulary slows up your reading. True? False?

3. If you pronounce each word, you will understand what you read better and build up your vocabulary. True? False?

4. Theodore Roosevelt read a whole page at once. True? False?

5. Reading is more important than any school subject. True? False?

6. The number of adults who have reading troubles is probably about (*a*) 5 per cent; (*b*) 25 per cent; (*c*) 60 per cent.

7. Most adults can increase their reading speed at least by (*a*) 10 per cent; (*b*) 35 per cent; (*c*) 100 per cent.

8. (Two answers are wrong. Cross them out.) The commonest reading faults are (*a*) reading word by word; (*b*) reading comics; (*c*) rereading or regression; (*d*) pronouncing the words; (*e*) going to the movies.

9. Anyone who reads very fast can learn to read even faster. True? False?

10. Using a dictionary to look up each new word immediately will improve your reading rate. True? False?

Answers to questions on reading: 1. False. 2. True. 3. False. 4. False. 5. True. 6. 60 per cent. 7. 35 per cent. 8. Wrong answers are (*b*) and (*e*). 9. True. 10. False.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Libby Holman's pet story goes as follows:

Bill Jones stopped in at a pet store and was entranced by a remarkable bird that was not only beautiful to look at but also spoke fluently in eight languages. He paid a good round sum for the bird and asked to have it delivered to his home.

Reaching home at dinnertime that evening, he asked, "Has the bird come?"

"Yes, dear," his wife replied. "It's in the oven now."

"What!" he exclaimed. "In the oven? Why, that bird could speak eight languages!"

"So?" said the unperturbed frau. "Then why didn't he say something?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

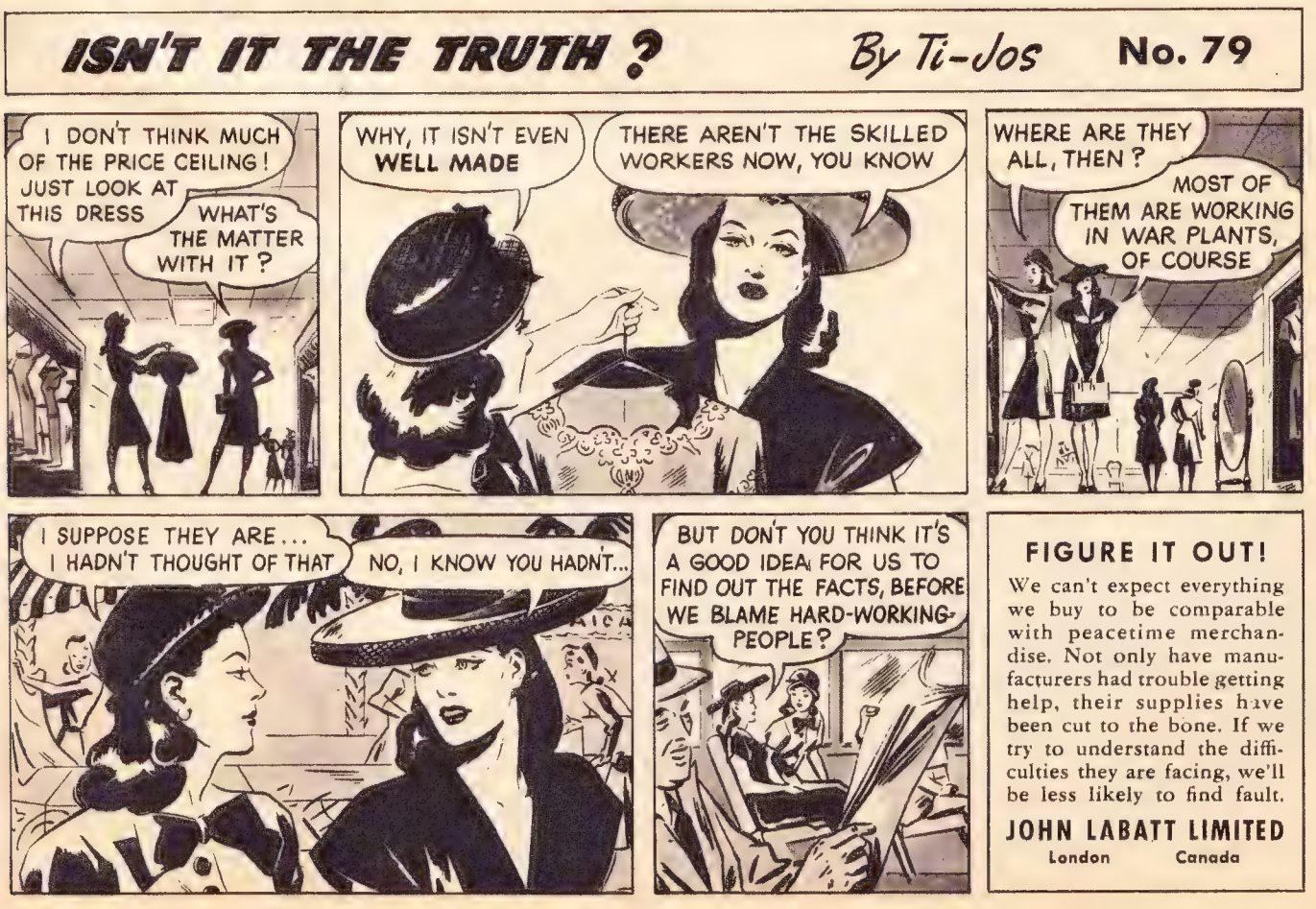

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH ?
By Ti-Jos
No. 79
I DON'T THINK MUCH OF THE PRICE CEILING! JUST LOOK AT THIS DRESS
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT ?
WHY, IT ISN'T EVEN WELL MADE
THERE AREN'T THE SKILLED WORKERS NOW, YOU KNOW
WHERE ARE THEY ALL, THEN ?
MOST OF THEM ARE WORKING IN WAR PLANTS, OF COURSE
I SUPPOSE THEY ARE... I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT
NO, I KNOW YOU HADN'T...
BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA FOR US TO FIND OUT THE FACTS, BEFORE WE BLAME HARD-WORKING PEOPLE?

FIGURE IT OUT!

We can't expect everything we buy to be comparable with peacetime merchandise. Not only have manufacturers had trouble getting help, their supplies have been cut to the bone. If we try to understand the difficulties they are facing, we'll be less likely to find fault.

JOHN LABATT LIMITED

London Canada

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

OVER 21

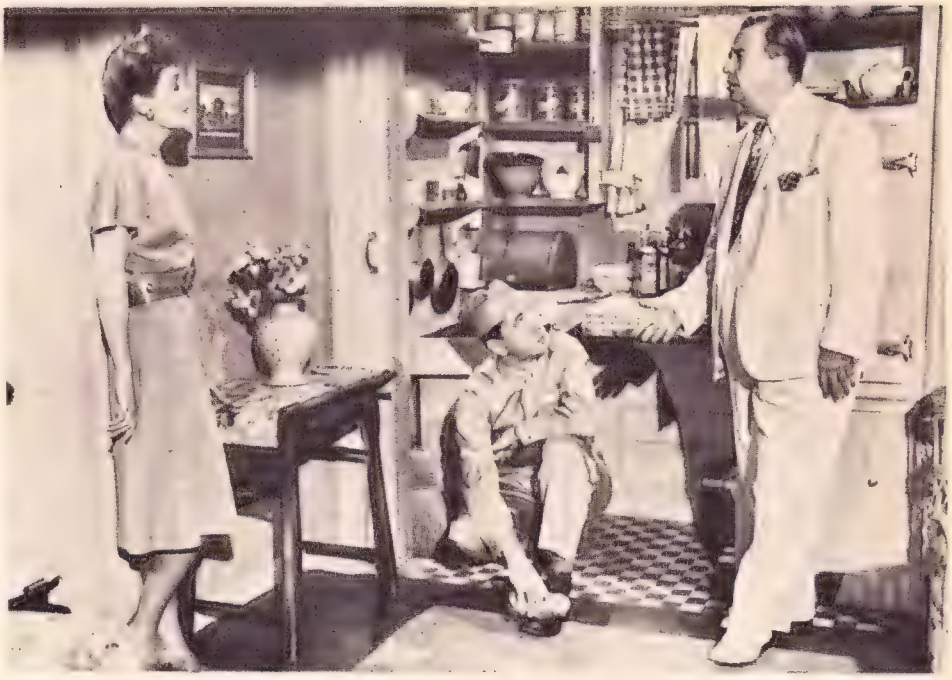
(Columbia)
Irene Dunne, Charles Coburn, Alexander Knox

IRENE DUNNE first tried her hand as a comedienne in Theodora Goes Wild and followed up with a string of comedy hits. Now, after a series of dramatic roles, she's back, doing business with laughter. Her latest, Over 21, is a Dunne walk-away, with Charles Coburn a close second and Alexander Knox finishing in the money.

One reason for her stand-out performance is the part itself. Ruth Gordon wrote the New York stage hit and played the title role. Miss Gordon had a rare opportunity and made more than the best of it by giving most of the bright dialogue to herself. Producer Sidney Buchman kept the part intact and Miss Dunne fell heir to a tailor-made role.

Charles Coburn, as Robert Gow the millionaire publisher, bites into his part with obvious relish. This is Coburn at his blustering best. Alexander Knox as Max Wharton, Paula's husband and editor of Gow's newspaper, is a studious pincushion for the witty barbs which fall around him.

The story centers on 39-year-old Max Wharton's efforts to graduate from Officers' Candidate School. Paula, his wife, finishes the movie scenario she is working on and joins him in a tourist cottage near the camp. She has heard it is difficult for men over twenty-one to absorb new knowledge, and decides it is her job to keep Gow and the newspaper business away from Max. Gow, however, refuses to understand Max's reasons for enlisting and believes his place is editing the paper. He locates Max and arrives at the bungalow in time to meet Max's commanding officer whom he antagonizes by his chitchat of important people and talk of Max's progressive editorials. Max does graduate, but Gow isn't too unhappy, for Paula has consented to return to New York and hold Max's job for the duration.



Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox listen—Charles Coburn bellows.

Like Sheridan Whiteside in The Man Who Came to Dinner, the character of Paula Wharton in Over 21 is said to have been based on a real person. Many legitimate stage critics recognized Paula as the fictitious representation of the noted authoress and wit, Dorothy Parker.

Alexander Knox appears in the picture after his major role in Wilson. His stint in Over 21 is a very competent one, but it has little sparkle due to the bright dialogue falling to Dunne and Coburn. But competence is the Knox trade-mark, for many still remember his fine portrayal of the priest in This Above All.

While it seems a little late for a picture on O. C. S., that phrase has little to do with the high-humor value Over 21 has. The trials and tribulations of the students are its reason for being, but all the big laughs stem from Ruth Gordon's dialogue and Miss Dunne's ability. The one serious note in the picture blends so well and makes such good sense, you'll be hard put to remember just where the pause occurred.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Frank Sinatra, José Iturbi, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly

AS a musical, Anchors Aweigh is lilting and lovely. But as a Frank Sinatra picture—it's Gene Kelly's.

The story revolves around Kelly's dancing, Kelly's amusing patter, and just Kelly. Miss Grayson sings, keeps company with Sinatra, falls in love with Kelly, and then sings again. José Iturbi makes wonderful music and saves the romance in the nick of time. Sinatra sings, looks at Miss Grayson, listens to Kelly, and falls in love with a waitress. That's the story.

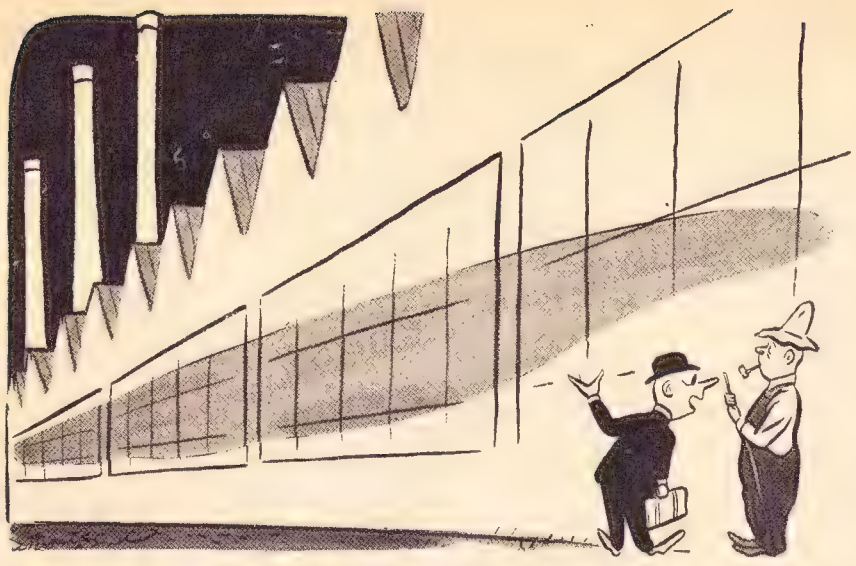
Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra tell a tall story in song.

Frank Sinatra will be a pleasant surprise to non-Sinatra fans, for he's easy to take in his role of shy Clarence Doolittle. Sinatra fans will be pleased too, for Frankie sings enough and smiles enough for all of them. The thought of Frankie being a shy sailor without a girl friend to his name is nicely ridiculous when you remember the hordes of shrieking girls who mob him wherever he goes.

Iturbi's sessions are bright and warm, with enough dialogue to establish him as a personality rather than a temperamental maestro. Miss Grayson's voice is only outshone by her beauty, which isn't at all hard to take in Technicolor.

Gene Kelly takes and gets the top honors in Anchors Aweigh, for besides his singing and dancing, he directed and arranged the dance numbers too. One Kelly high spot is a fantasy sequence *à la* Disney's Three Caballeros, with Kelly singing and dancing for the animated creatures of the woodland. Later on, an imaginative production number puts Miss Grayson on a balcony and Kelly on the ground, until his amazing gyrations carry him over rooftops to Miss Grayson's side.

Anchors Aweigh is good entertainment—whether you wear silk, golf, or bobby sox.



"Just think what a nice airy barn it will make for your cows!"

FOUR MONTHS WITH EACH OF US

Continued from Page 24

a piece of candy so he'd forget about that job.

Still, a big-league game was something he'd wanted to see for a long time now, and he kept wishing Sunday would hurry up and come. But Sunday, Howard's sister and her family came over from Montclair and Howard couldn't get away.

THE next day, because Lillian nagged at him so for never going anywhere, Pop went down to the Natural History Museum. It was a hot day but it was the first time he'd ridden on the subway alone, and a feeling of adventure began to take possession of him. But as the train rushed downtown, crowds poured in and Pop gave an elderly woman his seat. He wasn't accustomed to the lurch of the train and by the time he reached Eighty-first Street his legs were wobbling.

He went into the museum and wandered around, not knowing what to look at first. Slowly he went from group to group, reading each sign carefully, studying the animals, their background. By Jimminy, he'd never seen anything like it! He wished, with a sudden emptiness, that he had someone to talk to. Sadie, now, would have been so excited over the gorilla group and those black buffalo. The critters looked so natural they seemed to be breathing.

He went on to the North American exhibit, but his feet were getting tired. He found a bench and sat down. There wasn't a soul around, not even a guard—no reason he couldn't take his shoes clear off, if he had a mind to.

Sighing with pleasure, he glanced up, and there, not twenty feet away, was Vermont! It was so real, Pop felt as if he were resting in the woods back home. The scene was one of winter, with clean deep snow and leafless trees and deer rooting for fodder. Trees and blue sky and a brook bubbling along its rocky bed—and those deer pawing through the snow. Nothing he'd seen since he'd left home almost a year ago could compare with it, so natural, so peaceful, so Vermontish.

At dinner that evening he tried to tell Lillian what he'd seen.

"It was just as natural," he said unsteadily. "I sat there, not even breathing for fear those deer would hoist their flags and go bounding off through the woods!" He grinned suddenly. "I even got to feeling a mite cold sitting there with all that snow and me without my winter drawers. I tell you, Lil, I never saw anything like it—except up home, of course."

Lillian laughed. "The way you go on, anyone would think there wasn't anything else in the museum. I do believe you're beginning to get just a little homesick, papa."

"Well, maybe," Pop admitted. "Seems like after a man has lived more'n sixty years in one spot, it's only natural for him to wilt a bit when he's transplanted. Now you take those deer, Lil—"

His daughter patted his arm. "I'm glad you had a nice time, papa. You save the rest and tell me some other time. And before I forget, there's a letter for you from Sumner—I left it on your night table. Now I've got to rush."

AFTER Lillian left, Pop went upstairs. Time he wrote Sadie again, and there was that letter from Sumner to read and maybe answer. If Sumner hadn't sent the back payments this time, after the threatening letter Pop had written a couple of weeks ago—well, something drastic would have to be done.

Maybe he'd been a fool to let the store go for such a small down payment, but the children had been pressing him to sell out quickly, and then he hadn't been well. He'd thought, too, that something coming in each month would be better in the long run than a large down payment he might be tempted to spend.

He got out his writing folder, drew a chair up so he could use the window sill as a desk, and opened Sumner's letter. As he read, his face took on a harassed expression. By Jimminy, things were worse than he'd thought! Sumner couldn't send the two payments he owed, the wholesalers were getting nasty—they refused to give him more goods until he settled for what he had. And to add to the rest of his troubles, Norma, his wife, was pestering him to sell out and go back to the mill, where he would have a regular weekly salary.

"Charlie, I'm just up against a solid wall," Sumner's letter went on. "If there was just myself to think of, I'd up and *give* the danged store away. But Norma says I got to get something out of it. If I could get even my down payment back I guess she'd be satisfied—or maybe even half. I'm going to see Acola Jeddings over to Cherry Ridge, Sunday, and see does he still want to buy—you know he was after the store when you sold it to me. I'll let you know . . ."

Acola Jeddings! Pop felt as though someone had yanked the floor out from under his feet. Acola run his store! Why, Sadie couldn't work for that—that slinking weasel! She wouldn't even be sure of getting her salary! And as for the store payments—Acola was a worse risk, even, than Sumner!

There must be something he could do about it. There had to be! If only he had some money now, he could send it to Sadie and tell her to buy the store for herself. But he didn't have any money and Sadie wasn't strong enough to run the store alone.

With his world toppling about him, Pop took a piece of paper from his folder. Maybe he'd better write to Sadie right away and tell her what was happening. If he began with something cheerful, say what he'd been doing, and worked up to it— He picked up his pen and began:

"Dear Sadie:

"Went to the museum today—the Natural History one, and the queerest thing happened. Sat down to rest my feet and all at once it was as if I was up at Bunket's Pond on a cold November—"

For a long time he sat staring out of the open window. Best part of the day, after the sun went down—time for visiting. From somewhere close by a robin began his twilight song, the most beautiful sound, Pop thought, in all the world—and the most lonely if you didn't have folks around to talk to. Far away in the gathering dusk, like the whispered memory of an almost forgotten voice, came the plaintive whistle of a train—Who-who-whoo-whooo!

Pop leaned forward, his ears strained to catch the muted throb of that distant engine. A freight, by the labored sound of it, heavily loaded—over west some place. How many times when he was a boy he'd lain awake listening to that familiar sound, wishing he were going along. There'd been a game he used to play too, pretending the engine was talking to him:

"Chug-chug—chug-chug, hel-lo—Charlie, come-and—ride-me, ride-me—ride-me, come-on—Char-lie!"

The freight was picking up speed now. Must be over on the Central tracks by the river—the Hudson, that would be. Only two ways for the train to go along the river, and this one was—yep, it was going north. *Maybe all the way to Vermont!*

The distant voice was speaking, "Faster—fas-ter, hel-lo—Char-lie, why-not—go-home, go-home—go-home, Sa-die's—wait-ing, wait-ing—wait-ing, here-we—go-now, good-by—Char-lie, who-who-whooo?"

Pop jumped to his feet, excitement pounding in his veins. By jingo, Vermont wasn't at the other end of the world. It was at the other end of a line of tracks!

Since the start of the government's paper-conservation program, Liberty's participation has meant a cut in our over-all print order of more than a million copies. All of which simply means that in these days there are never quite enough copies of Liberty to go around.

Please share your copy. Service camps, in particular, would welcome this copy of Liberty when you have finished with it.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Something to slip on in the bathroom
5 Shoots the breeze for four or five hours (fem.)
10 Love seat
14 What Amber wasn't
15 A five- to six-foot ruler
16 An English pound
17 Battery drool
18 Open the throat valves and let the hot air out
19 This major is a shining example among the higher-ups
20 A follower of crime
22 Nowadays you can't live without 'em
24 Lassies' favorites
25 This barks when you run into it in the dark
26 Trees, trees, trees
29 Things America never had to take to
33 What lovers arrive in the park in
34 Cuts the motor and wafts
35 I/II of CIV
36 Venus had quite a few by Mars
37 Pitcher's box
38 Prestidigitator's shillelagh
39 Product of a dumb cluck
40 Something Shane never makes
41 This may be past, but it's also perfect
42 Pinch
44 Low things to report about Johnny
45 What the Kentucky Derby winner was rewarded with
46 A basis for one's understanding
47 Soak up
50 A lovely head of skin (two words)
54 Nazis
55 Even the worms won't eat him
57 A white slave
58 Beat out a helpful anagram
59 What greedy landlords keep trying to break these days
60 I. C. C. fixture on R. R.s
61 Losses sustained in the stake business
62 A European gal.
63 He'll be happy on the judgment day

VERTICAL

1 Vitamineral springs
2 What to say in a pinch
3 The tenor yelled and screamed so loud during this, he blew out a tonsil
4 They spread their sales by foot
5 Eisenhower greeters
6 Things rabbits never care to split
7 A door is not a door when it's what?
8 Loop the loop by hand
9 He watches a flock of red points
10 Look a little cockeyed
11 Ozarkian possessive pronoun
12 A hard thing to come in contact with (it's five in one)
13 Gal's name (pl.)
21 A pair of emergency turbines for the Queen Mary
23 Squelches a screechy thing
25 A maddening character
26 Recesses
27 The healthiest thing you can do in gloomy weather
28 The hot wild dog of Australia
29 He regrets that they are making it faster'n he can drink it
30 The big ox!
31 Henna dunk
32 They have their ins and outs
34 What you'll find on the lips of Lily Pons (pl.)
37 One thing on everybody's mind
38 Rides out the storm and sunshine predictions
40 Each one has five points
41 Dogfooted it
43 Chicken is high around here (pl.)
44 He hits the ground with clubs and curses
46 A Halloween face
47 He plays in the Moslem League in a white uniform
48 Ruth, when old, will be a what?
49 Let 'er be, printer!
50 The U is now silent in this
51 He certainly made a mess of his pottage
52 Neat beginning
53 If he ran away and married his aunt would you call it an antelope?
56 A higher-up (Latin)

M	A	T	I	S	S	E	■	T	H	O	R	E	■	■
O	K	I	N	A	W	A	■	R	A	T	E	S	■	■
O	R	B	■	V	A	T	■	A	L	I	C	E	■	■
R	O	B	R	O	Y	■	W	I	L	S	O	N	■	■
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D	E	■	W	A	L	K	S	■	O	K	■	■	■	■
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S	E	R	G	E	■	F	U	R	■	I	A	M	■	■
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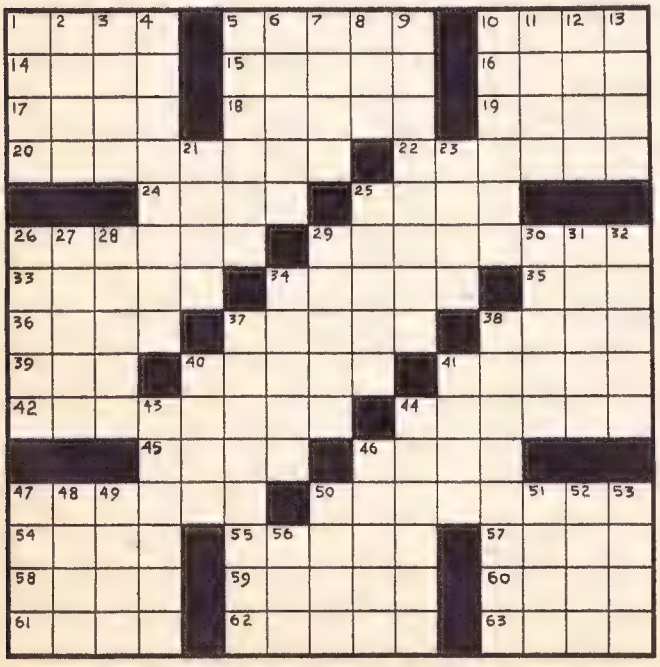
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Where smart men congregate . . . No. 3

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He'd be going up to stay with Betty in a couple of weeks—well, he'd go to Cedar Bluffs instead. And he'd get his store back too, by golly. He'd think up some way!

Wishing he was up home so's he could fix things right with his store, wishing he could sit on Sadie's porch—wasting a whole year, four months here, four months there, round and round, like a danged wooden horse on a merry-go-round. Just about as much sense as a wooden horse too—not taking the bit in his teeth sooner. He'd let the children boss him around for so many months he'd lost his gumption!

HE made a dive for the closet. There was plenty to do now—pack his duds, get his ticket, wire Betty he wasn't coming. Where the devil had Lillian put his bags? Attic, maybe. Probably got everything in the house piled on top so he couldn't get at them. That was the trouble in living with other folks, you never had anything to say about things.

The children meant well. They thought it wasn't right for their Pop to live alone. Well, by crickity, maybe he wouldn't. Maybe he and Sadie— No reason why they shouldn't. Sadie's two sons married, his children married—both of them alone, you might say. Always been good friends too, even if they did like to squabble over things. Made it interesting having someone you didn't have to "yes" all the time!

Suddenly Pop rocked with laughter. Wait until he told Sadie he thought it would be a good idea for them to team up. Even if she wanted to, the old fool would scratch around trying to dig up reasons why they shouldn't. It had got so it almost killed her to have to agree with him.

He bounced out of the room and down the stairs as a new idea struck him. The phone! Why hadn't he thought of it before? It might take days to get a reservation, but he could call Sadie now. He could tell her to start getting him a loan from the bank so's he could buy back his store!

"Show-off!"

"Long distance," he shouted, snatching up the receiver. "I want to talk to Sadie, operator—I mean Mrs. Albert Higgins. . . . Yep, Cedar Bluffs, Vermont. . . . Don't remember her number—don't need it anyway, everyone knows Sadie. . . . Well, Willow Avenue then—Twenty-three. Just ask Clara Dooley, the operator up there—tell her Charlie Waller is calling and she'll find Sadie for me. . . . Nope, don't mind hanging on, nothing else to do."

He heard the ringing of a distant bell and then Sadie's voice, "Hello? Hello!"

"Hello yourself," Pop yelled gleefully. "Bet you don't know who this is? Bet you a bottle of birch beer you can't make it in three—"

"Make it in one, Charlie Waller!" Sadie's deep chuckle came pleasantly over the wire. "I declare, it's about time you let a body hear your voice. A whole year! Charlie, you're up to something!"

"Yep. Got to get on a train first, though."

"You're coming home!"

"Fast as I can get there," Pop said happily. "Got a surprise for you, Sadie—two of them. Did Sumner tell you he wanted to sell the store?"

"Yes, he did. I'm so worried I—"

"By golly, he didn't sell it yet, did he?"

"No, but—"

"Well, you tell him to hold his horses, then!" Pop shouted. "Charlie Waller's going back in business. Going to get a loan on my house and buy him out, the old skinflint. You hop over to the First National, Sadie, first thing in the morning. Have Art Baker fix me up a mortgage—enough to pay off Sumner is all. Tell Art I'll be home to sign the papers soon as I can get there."

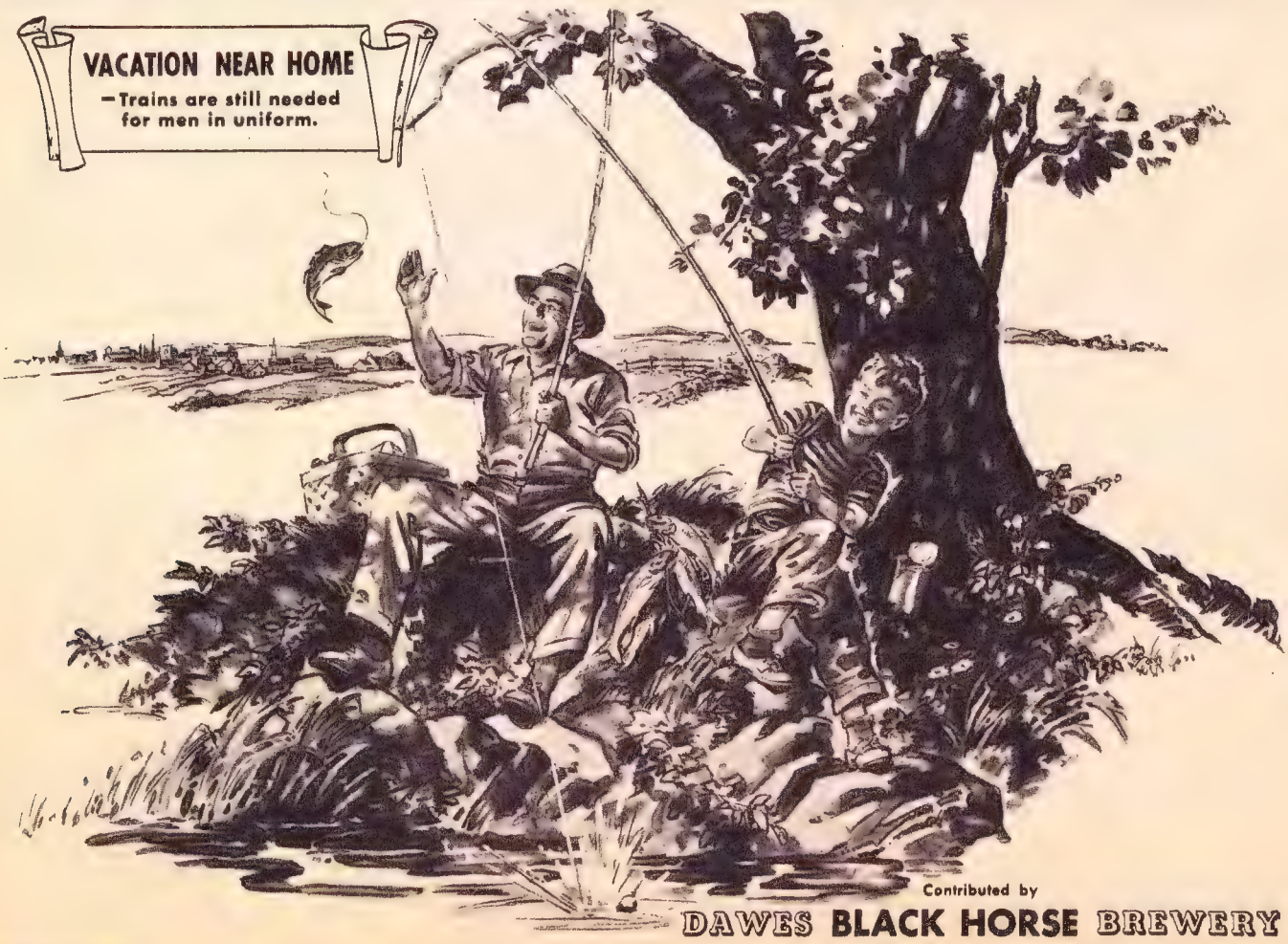
Sadie's voice was not quite steady. "Charlie, that's wonderful! But a—a mortgage. All the interest you'll have to pay. I don't—"

"Going to, anyway," Pop said. "So don't you argue with me. Now here's the other surprise, Sadie. Going to get married."

"You're what?"

"Married." Pop blew out his cheeks as Sadie gasped. "Yep, man needs a wife. Nothing like having your own home and someone your own age to sort of jaw with. Children got their own lives. A man needs—"

"But, Charlie, who—"



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All of these leading novels and non-fiction books will appear as two-part condensations in Liberty in coming weeks. Don't miss these worthwhile, talked-about books.

Liberty GREATEST SINGLE-COPY SALE OF ANY MAGAZINE SOLD IN CANADA

"Kind of a cantankerous woman I'm planning to marry," Pop said, grinning. "Nice, though. Widow woman, good cook, good housekeeper—lives on Willow Avenue up in Cedar Bluffs. Number Twenty-three. Tries to boss everyone though—me especially. What do you think, Sadie? Think she'd be willing to kind of look after an old codger like me and bring her knitting down to the store sometimes?"

"I think," Sadie said shortly, "that if women had the proposing to do in this world, Charlie Waller, there wouldn't be so much dillydallying about it. Taking a whole year to find out something I could have told you a long— Charlie, are you listening?"

"Yep, got my ear glued to the—"

"I thought so!" Sadie's voice was indignant. "Talking lispy as a baby! Why aren't you wearing your teeth?"

"Haven't got 'em yet," Pop said, startled. "Going to see about it any day now. Been pretty busy, Sadie."

"Busy!" Sadie snapped. "I might have known you'd think up some excuse. Charlie, you get home just as fast as you can come. If you think I'm going to cook good tasty victuals for any man hasn't got the teeth to chew them with— I'm making you a date with Doc Benson right this minute!"

Pop held the receiver away from his ear as Sadie's voice crackled over the wire.

"Charlie, you're not listening. I said you'll get no mortgage from the bank on your house, do you understand? I—I guess I've got the right to lend my own husband a few hundred dollars."

"Won't take it," Pop said, grinning. "You know I don't hold with borrowing from women, Sadie. Ain't no danged gigolo!"

"Well, you'll take it from me, Charlie Waller, and like it!" said Sadie emphatically. "If you want to go and get mulish, I suppose I can take a mortgage same as a bank. But if you think for one minute you're going to be boss of our partnership—"

Pop was still grinning when they finally said good-by. Sadie hadn't changed a mite. Just wait, he thought happily, until he told Joan what he was going to do. And wait until he told Lillian he was going to help Joan through that designing school. If Joan could just wait six months—*he'd be on top again!* Blowing out his cheeks, Pop began to hum, "'There's a long, long trail a-winding . . .'"

THE END

"The next time you ask somebody if she's got a sister, get a few particulars, huh?"

BACK TO CIVVY STREET

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of Canada's Armed Forces and their families and friends. It is intended to help them find the answers to questions they may ask concerning re-establishment in civilian life. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: Back to Civvy Street, c/o Liberty, 85 Richmond Street West, Toronto (1), Ontario.

IT still seems that more questions are being asked about the Re-establishment Credit than about any other phase of rehabilitation planning. The following is a brief but complete outline of the terms of the credit, as supplied by the Department of Veterans' Affairs.

The Re-establishment Credit is primarily for those members of the forces who do not elect to take educational, vocational, or technical training or benefits under the Veterans' Land Act. This credit is the equivalent of the basic gratuity and is calculated on the basis of $7.50 for each thirty days' service in the Western Hemisphere, and fifteen dollars for each thirty days' service overseas or in the Aleutian Islands.

This credit may be used at any time within a period of ten years for the following purposes:

1. The acquisition of a home, to an amount not exceeding two thirds of the equity as determined under the act;
2. The repair or modernization of a veteran's home, if owned by him;
3. The purchase of furniture and household equipment for his domestic use, to an amount not exceeding two thirds of the cost;
4. Working capital for his profession or business;
5. The purchase of tools, instruments, or equipment for his trade, profession, or business;
6. The purchase of a business, to an amount not exceeding two thirds of the equity fund required for the purpose;
7. Payment of premiums under any insurance scheme established by the government of Canada;
8. The purchase of special equipment required for educational or vocational training;
9. Any other purpose authorized by the Governor-in-Council.

If a man has elected to take educational, vocational, or technical training benefits under the Veterans' Land Act, and these benefits are less than the amount of the Re-establishment Credit applicable to him, the difference may be made available for any of the purposes specified. If, on the other hand, the Re-establishment Credit has been used wholly or in part, and later on application is made for educational, vocational, or technical training benefits or benefits under the Veterans' Land Act, such benefits may be granted, but a compensating adjustment must be made in an amount equivalent to the credit already received.

* * *

At present I am serving in the Army, but I expect to be discharged within a few months. Is it possible to take a business course and still be eligible to receive a loan through the Re-establishment Credit for starting a clothing store with my brother, who is being discharged from the Navy?

Private

Any benefits received in respect to training, education, and the Veterans' Land Act are charged against the Re-establishment Credit of the veteran. When such benefits have been calculated and deducted, any remaining credit may be used for one or more of the several purposes included in the War Service grants Act. However, Re-establishment Credit is not authorized on a partnership basis except where the partners are husband and wife.

* * *

I have received a letter from my son who states that he has been called up for Army of Occupation. We thought he would be through over there when the war was over.

I am a widow with a boy of fourteen and two girls going to school. There is much work to be done here on our farm and there is no help to be had anywhere.

I would like to know if he has to stay over there, as it is going to be very hard on the home. Where should I write?

Mrs. L. W.

Under the circumstances it is quite possible that your son is eligible for what Army authorities describe as "farm leave." To discover if this is the case you should direct an inquiry to Social Service (Army) at the headquarters of your local military district.

* * *

In order to re-establish myself in former occupation as insurance agent, I require an automobile to carry out my duties. Could my Re-establishment Credit be used as a down payment on a car? Could I apply for that grant upon discharge, or would a period of time have to elapse?

Sailor

You may apply for your Re-establishment Credit at any time after you receive your "statement of gratuities," which is usually attached to your first gratuity check.

From your letter, it would seem probable that a car would be considered "equipment for your business" and that your credit would be approved for that use.

However, each case is judged on its own merits, and before making any commitments in this respect you should discuss the matter with your nearest Supervisor of Re-establishment Credits.

* * *

I have served one year on active service with the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps and one year on Active Service with the Royal Canadian Air Force (air crew). I was transferred from the Army to the Air Force and was medically discharged from the latter. I have now served (active service) twenty-three months in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Should I, when the appropriate time arrives, apply in the usual manner for my War Gratuity, or should I apply separately for each of the services?

B. N. B., Nfld.

A part of your discharge procedure, when that time arrives, will be to complete your application form for the gratuities you have earned through your service. There is ample space provided on the application form to record your length of service in your various enlistments. These will all be included on the one form and it will be forwarded to the Paymaster General of the service in which you last served.

You may expect some delay in receiving your first gratuity check, as your service in each enlistment will have to be verified.

"C'mon, Buddy! Hand over that shirt!"

"Oh, NO! That's my last B.V.D.!"

Please, Mr. Robber—anything but that! Take his wallet, take his watch, but don't take his last B.V.D. shirt. He's PROTECTING it 'till replacements come along.

B.V.D.

MAKERS OF FINE SHIRTS

The B.V.D. Company, Limited, Montreal

63

NAUSEA due to motion upsetting the organs of balance, relieved with MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

For Land and Sea travel. Satisfactory results, or money refunded.

THE WORLD OVER

24

BLACKHEADS

simply dissolve and disappear by this one simple, safe and sure method. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from any drug store, sprinkle on a hot, wet cloth, and apply gently—every blackhead will be gone.

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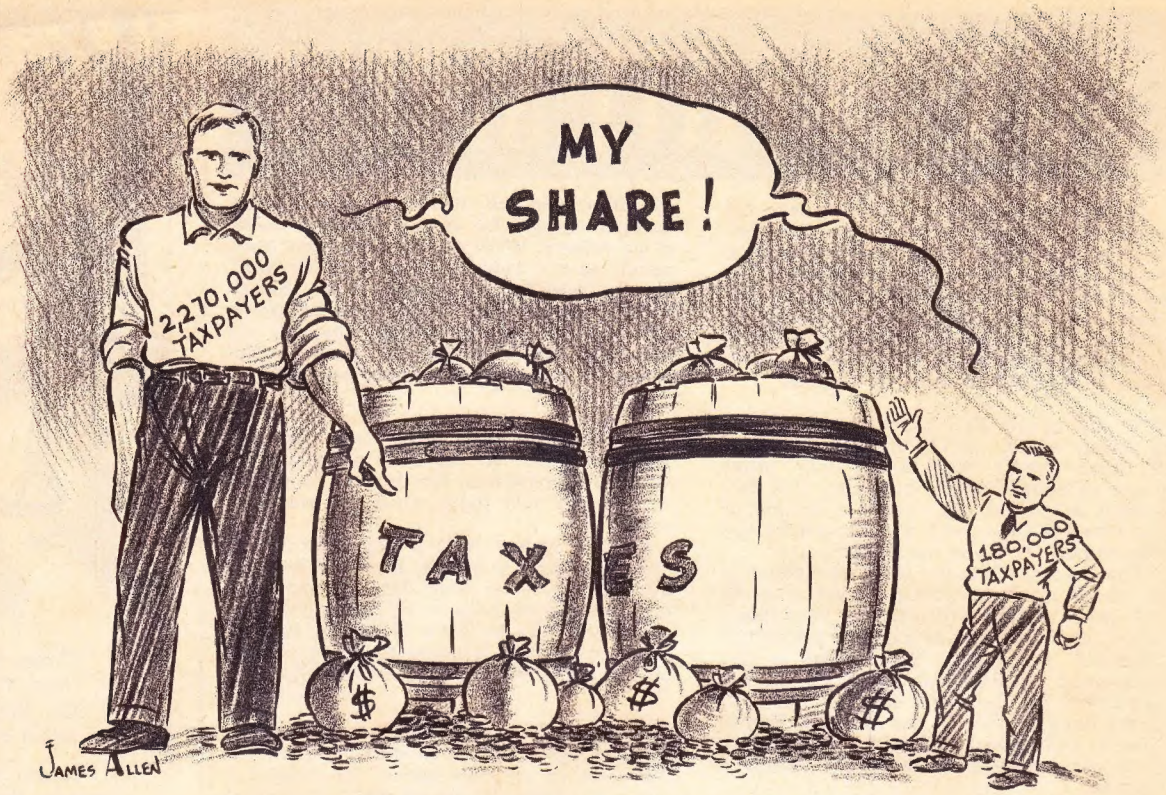
AUGUST 25, 1925

J. L. RUTLEDGE
Publisher

C. J. HARRIS
Editor

VOL. 22, NO. 34



THE BACKS AND THE BURDEN

THE relatively small fellow who has felt that he has been carrying a considerable load of taxes in these war years can document his belief in the preliminary income-tax figures for the year 1944 that have just been released. This same taxpayer has an uneasy feeling that he has already paid substantially, if less painfully, before he gets down to the dispiriting business of figuring his income tax. That is perfectly true and, added together, the burden he carries represents perhaps the most phenomenal taxation program of any land or any time.

Compared with the taxation policies of the first Great War, these present taxes would seem almost an unbelievable nightmare. The income tax did not raise its head at all until the dying days of the last war, and such taxes as were directly imposed touched the small-salaried man rather distantly. They were mainly secured from financial institutions and from business profits that he had not come to associate with his own interests. But even taking all the taxes, recognized or not, they totaled for the four years of the last war slightly less than one ninth of what this same small-income man paid as an individual income impost in the single year 1944.

There are a great many Canadians who have really learned what taxation is only in the last year or two. Of course they had to face the general annoyance of putting stamps on checks and paying more postage than our neighbor across the line, or the extra cents for going to a movie. But these were small irritations that weren't in any sense personal. Even as late as 1938 the same conditions prevailed. In that year there were only 157,000 persons with salaries up to $3,000 who paid any direct taxes at all. These paying thousands in that year represented just short of 6 per cent of the total income tax collected, or a matter of $2,349,000.

But those happy days were drawing to a close. Last year this same group of taxpayers who earned no more than $3,000 had reached sizable proportions, slightly more than 2,250,000. Of course there were better than a million persons newly employed, but that didn't account for it all. Taxation had reached out to touch the multitude. Even so, it left a group of almost two million earners who paid no taxes at all.

Yet the 2,270,000 persons who paid taxes on incomes of under $3,000 had reason to think well of themselves. Instead of paying only 6 per cent of the total income tax, as they had paid in 1938, they were paying their full half, a solid $381,500,000.

But there was equally no reason to look askance at the persons in the top bracket. Where in 1938 those who earned incomes in excess of $3,000 represented 32 per cent of all those taxed, in 1944 they represented only 7 per cent. Where the first group had grown from 157,000 to a staggering 2,270,000, the second group had only grown from 116,000 to 180,000. Yet these 180,000 persons paid virtually the same taxes as were paid by the more than 2,250,000 smaller incomes. And more than half this total was paid not by the extremely rich but by the 163,000 persons who earned between $3,000 and $10,000.

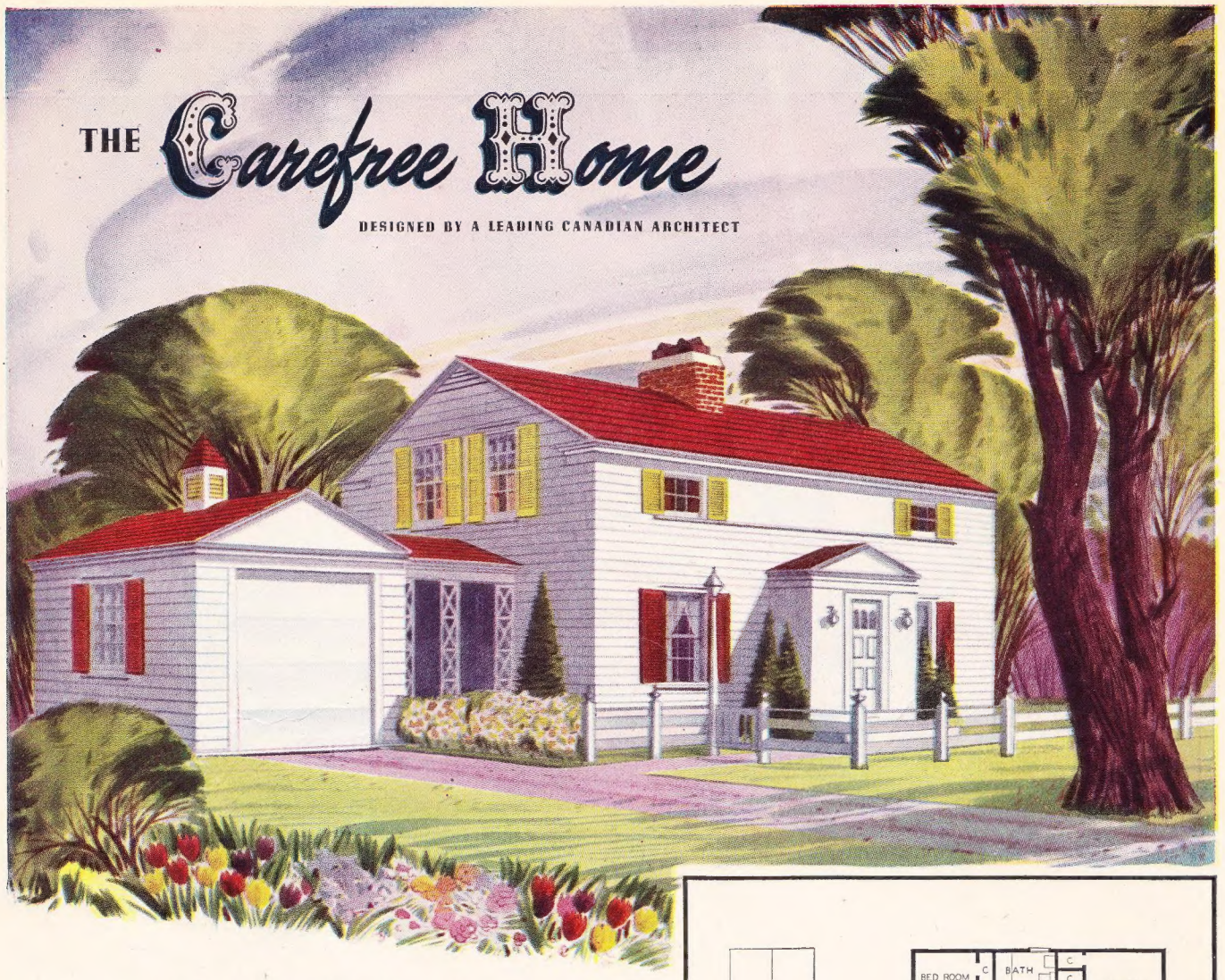
Where the average earner retained, after taxation, 90 per cent of his salary, the middle group retained 75 per cent, and the wealthy 45 per cent. That is adapting the burden to the backs that must bear it.

Joseph Lister Rutledge

Liberty . . . FOR ALL

THE Carefree Home

DESIGNED BY A LEADING CANADIAN ARCHITECT

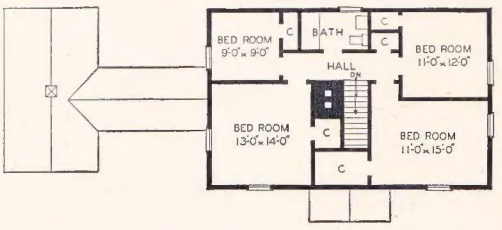


...TO SOLVE YOUR HOUSING PROBLEM!

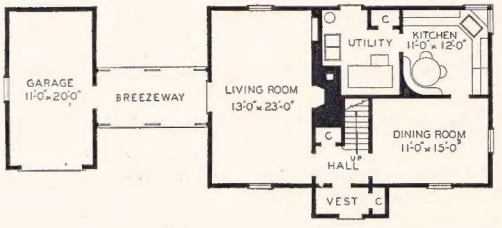
As a service to Canadians, the Blue Top Brewing Company will present a series of homes which can be built at a reasonable cost. Here is the first of them . . . The Carefree Home.

It is designed for a young couple with several children who want to live in the suburbs. Note that it has no basement, which saves construction costs. Utility room on main floor houses oil furnace, domestic hot water tank, laundry tubs, and storage cupboard. One of the four bed rooms could be used as a den or study. Style combines contemporary architectural flavour with traditional Ontario Colonial.

*Do not write for plans of this house. Consult your local builder. He can estimate the cost of construction in your neighbourhood.



Second Floor plan



Main Floor plan

BLUE TOP

BLUE TOP BREWING COMPANY LIMITED

KITCHENER, ONTARIO, CANADA

Things are warming up...Have a Coke

...or throw another log on the fire

It's always fair weather when good friends get together out under the starlight. Especially if the moon is bright, the firewood's dry, and everybody's hungry for chow. And, of course, there's no surer way to make it a perfect picnic than to pass 'round friendly Coca-Cola. *Have a Coke* just naturally means *What a swell way to spend an evening.* It just naturally says *Let's do this again!* Indoors or out, *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola is the symbol of good times and friendly feelings—whether you're roughing it out in the wide open spaces—or gathered 'round your home fireside—with family and friends.

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK REGISTERED
-the global high-sign

"Coke" = Coca-Cola
You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED